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A Portrait of Bascom Hawke

By Thomas Wolfe

This first published work of the author since his "Look Homeward, Angel" contains many and diverse elements. The essential theme, aside from Bascom Hawke's remarkable story, is the contrast in spirit between youth and age. As in Mr. Wolfe's other work, magnificent descriptions abound—a lyric chronicle of New England spring, a pæan to the Boston markets, and others stand out as in themselves powerful pieces of writing. Selected for publication in the $5,000 Prize Contest.

During the first twenty-five years of this century, business people who had their offices in or near State Street, Boston, no doubt grew very familiar with the cadaverous and extraordinary figure of my uncle, Bascom Hawke. Shortly before nine o'clock of every working day he would emerge from a subway exit near the head of the street and pause vaguely for a moment, making a craggy eddy in the tide of issuing workers that foamed swiftly about him while he stood with his enormous bony hands clutched comically before him at the waist, as if holding himself in, at the same time making the most horrible grimaces with his lean and amazingly flexible features. These grimaces were made by squinting his small sharp eyes together, widening his mouth in a ghastly travesty of a grin, and convolving his chin and cheek in a rapid series of pursed lips and horrible squints as he swiftly pressed his rubbery underlip against a few enormous horse teeth that decorated his upper jaw. Having completed these facial evolutions, he glanced quickly and, it must be supposed, blindly, in every direction; for he then plunged heedlessly across the street, sometimes choosing the moment when traffic had been halted, and pedestrians were hurrying across, sometimes diving into the midst of a roaring chaos of motor cars, trucks, and wagons, through which he sometimes made his way in safety, accompanied only by a scream of brake bands, a startled barking of horns, and the hearty curses of frightened drivers, or from which, howling with terror in the centre of a web of traffic which he had snarled hopelessly and brought to a complete standstill, he was sometimes rescued by a red-faced and cursing young Irishman who was on point duty at that corner.

But Bascom was a fated man and he escaped. Once, it is true, a bright mindless beetle of machinery, which had no thought for fated men, had knocked him down and skinned and bruised him; again, an uninstructed wheel had passed across the soft toe-end of his shoe and held him prisoner, as if he were merely some average son of destiny—but he escaped. He escaped because he was a fated man and because the providence which guides the steps of children and the blind was kind to him; and because this same policeman whose simian upper lip had once been thick and twisted with its curses had long since run the scale from anger to wild fury, and thence to madness and despair and resignation, and had now come to have a motherly affection for this stray sheep, kept his eye peeled for its appear-

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ance every morning or, failing this, at once shrilled hard upon his whistle when he heard the well-known howl of terror and surprise, plunged to the centre of the stalled traffic snarl, plucked Bascom out to safety under curse and shout and scream of brake, and marched him tenderly to the curb, gripping his brawny hand around my uncle's arm, feeling his joints, testing his bones, massaging anxiously his sinewy carcass, and calling him "bud"—although my uncle was old enough to be his grandfather. "Are you all right, bud? You're not hurt, are you, bud? Are you O. K.?"—to which Bascom if his shock and terror had been great, could make no answer for a moment save to pant hoarsely and to howl loudly and huskily from time to time "Ow! Ow! Ow! Ow!"

At length, becoming more coherent, if not more calm, he would launch into an ecclesiastical indictment of motor cars and their drivers delivered in a high, howling, and husky voice that suggested the pronouncements of a prophet from a mountain. This voice had a quality of strange remoteness and, once heard, would never be forgotten. It actually had a howling note in it, and carried to great distances, and yet it was not loud: it was very much as if Mr. Bascom Hawke were standing on a mountain and shouting to some one in a quiet valley below—the sounds came to one plainly but as if from a great distance, and it was full of a husky, unearthly passion. It was really an ecclesiastical voice, the voice of a great preacher; one felt that it should be heard in churches, which was exactly where it once was heard, for my uncle Bascom had at various times and with great conviction, in the course of his long and remarkable life, professed and preached the faith of the Episcopalians, the Presbyterians, the Methodists, the Baptists, and the Unitarians.

Quite often, in fact, as now, when he had narrowly escaped disaster in the streets, Bascom Hawke still preached from the corner: as soon as he recovered somewhat from his shock, he would launch forth into a sermon of eloquent invective against any driver of motor cars within hearing, and if any of them entered the fray, as sometimes happened, a very interesting performance occurred.

"What happened to *you?*" the motorist might bitterly remark. "Do the keepers know you're out?"

Mr. Hawke would thereupon retort with an eloquent harangue, beginning with a few well-chosen quotations from the more violent prophets of the Old Testament, a few predictions of death, destruction and damnation for the owners of motor cars, and a few apt references to Days of Judgment and Reckoning, Chariots of Moloch, and Beasts of the Apocalypse.

"Oh, for God's sake!" the exasperated motorist might reply. "Are you *blind?* Where do you think you are? In a cow-pasture? Can't you read the signals? Didn't you see the cop put his hand up? Don't you know when it says to 'Stop' or 'Go'? Did you ever hear of the traffic law?"

"The *traffic* law!" my uncle Bascom sneeringly exclaimed, as if the mere use of the word by the motorist evoked his profoundest contempt. His voice now had a precise and meticulous way of speech, there was something sneering and pedantical in the way he pronounced each word, biting it off with a prim, nasal and heavily accented enunciation in the manner of certain pedants and purists who suggest by their pronunciation that language in the mouths of most people is vilely and carelessly treated, that each word has a precise, subtle, and careful meaning of its own, and that they—*they* alone—understand these matters. "The *traffic* law!" he repeated again: then he squinted his eyes together, pursed his rubbery lip against the big horsy upper teeth, and laughed down his nose in a forced, sneering manner, "The *traffic* law!" he said. "Why, you pit-i-ful ig-no-*ram*-us! You il-*lit*-ter-ate ruffian! You dare to speak to me—to *me!*" he howled suddenly with an ecclesiastical lift of his voice, striking himself on his bony breast and glaring with a majestical fury as if the word of a mighty prophet had been contradicted by an upstart—"of the traffic law, when it is doubtful if you could *read* the law if you saw it,"—he sneered—"and it is obvious to any one with the perception of a schoolboy that you would not have intelligence enough to understand it, and"—here his voice rose to a howling emphasis and he held one huge bony finger up to command attention—"*and* to interpret it, if you could read."

"Is *that* so!" the motorist heavily remarked. "A *wise* guy, eh? One of these guys who knows it all, eh? You're a *pretty* wise guy, aren't you?" the motorist continued bitterly, as if caught up in the circle of his refrain and unable to change it. "Well, let me tell *you* something. You think you're pretty smaht, don't you? Well, you're not. See? It's wise guys like you who go around looking for a good bust on the nose. See? That's how smaht you are. If you wasn't an old guy I'd give you one, too,"

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he said, getting a moody satisfaction from the thought.

"Ow-w! Ow-w! Ow-w!" Bascom howled in sudden terror.

"If you know so much, if you're so smaht as you think you are, what *is* the traffic law?"

Then, assuredly, if there was a traffic law, the unfortunate motorist was lost, for my uncle Bascom would deliver it to him verbatim, licking his lips with joy over all the technicalities of legal phrasing and pronouncing each phrase with a meticulous and pedantical enunciation.

"And furthermore!" he howled, holding up his big bony finger, "the Commonwealth of Massachusetts has decreed, by a statute that has been on the books since 1856, by a statute that is irrevocably, inexorably, ineluctably plain that any driver, director, governor, commander, manager, agent or conductor, or any other person who shall conduct or cause to be conducted any vehicular instrument, whether it be of two, four, six, eight or any number of wheels whatsoever, whether it be in the public service, or in the possession of a private individual, whether it be—" but by this time, the motorist, if he was wise, had had enough, and had escaped.

If, however, it had been one of his more fortunate mornings, if he had blindly but successfully threaded the peril of roaring traffic, my uncle Bascom proceeded rapidly down State Street, still clutching his raw bony hands across his meagre waist, still contorting his remarkable face in its endless series of pursed grimaces, and presently turned in to the entrance of a large somewhat dingy-looking building of blackened stone, one of those solid, unpretending, but very valuable properties which smells and looks like the early 1900's, and which belongs to that ancient and enormously wealthy corporation which lies across the river and is known as Harvard University.

Here, my uncle Bascom, still clutching himself together across the waist, mounted a flight of indented marble entry steps, lunged through revolving doors into a large marble corridor that was redolent with vibrating waves of hot steamy air, wet rubbers and galoshes, sanitary disinfectant, and serviceable but somewhat old-fashioned elevators and, entering one of the cars which had just plunged down abruptly, banged open its door, belched out two or three people and swallowed a dozen more, he was finally deposited with the same abruptness on the seventh floor, where he stepped out into a wide dark corridor, squinted and grimaced uncertainly to right and left as he had done for twenty-five years, and then went left along the corridor, past rows of lighted offices in which one could hear the preliminary clicking of typewriters, the rattling of crisp papers, and the sounds of people beginning their day's work. At the end of the corridor Bascom Hawke turned right along another corridor and at length paused before a door which bore this inscription across the familiar glazed glass of American business offices: The John T. Brill Realty Co.—Houses For Rent or Sale. Below this bold legend in much smaller letters was printed: Bascom Hawke—Att'y at Law—Conveyancer and Title Expert.

And now, before we enter this interesting office, let us give a closer and more particular scrutiny to the appearance of this singular man.

The appearance of this strange figure in State Street, or anywhere else, had always been sufficiently curious to attract attention and to draw comment. Bascom Hawke, if he had straightened to his full height, would have been six feet and three or four inches tall, but he had always walked with a stoop and as he grew older, the stoop had become confirmed: he presented a tall, gnarled, bony figure, cadaverous and stringy, but tough as hickory. He was of that race of men who seem never to wear out, or to grow old, or to die: they live with almost undiminished vitality to great ages, and when they die they die suddenly. There is no slow wastage and decay because there is so little to waste or decay: their mummied and stringy flesh has the durability of granite.

Bascom Hawke clothed his angular figure with an assortment of odd garments which seemed to have the same durability: they were immensely old and worn, but they also gave no signs of ever wearing out, for by their cut and general appearance of age, it seemed that his frugal soul had selected in the Nineties materials which it hoped would last forever. His coat, which was originally of a dark dull pepper-and-salt gray, had gone green at the seams and pockets, and moreover it was a ridiculously short skimpy coat for a gaunt big-boned man like this: it was hardly more than a jacket, his great wristy hands burst out of it like lengths of cordwood, and the mark of his high humped narrow

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shoulders cut into it with a knife-like sharpness. His trousers were also tight and skimpy, of a lighter gray and of a rough woolly texture from which all fuzz and fluff had long ago been rubbed, he wore rough country brogans with raw-hide laces, and a funny little flat hat of ancient black felt, which had also gone green along the band. One understands now why the policeman called him "Bud": this great bony figure seemed ruthlessly to have been crammed into garments in which a country fledgling of the eighties might have gone to see his girl, clutching a bag of gumdrops in his large red hand. A stringy little necktie, a clean but dilapidated collar which by its bluish and softly mottled look Bascom Hawke must have laundered himself (a presumption which is quite correct since my uncle did all his own laundry work, as well as his mending, repairing, and cobbling)—this was his costume, winter and summer, and it never changed, save that in winter he supplemented it with an ancient blue sweater which he wore buttoned to the chin and whose frayed ends and cuffs projected inches below the scanty little jacket. He had never been known to wear an overcoat, not even on the coldest days of those long, raw, and formidable winters which Boston suffers.

The mark of my uncle's madness was plain upon him: intuitively men knew he was not a poor man, and the people who had seen him so many times in State Street would nudge one another, saying: "You see that old guy? You'd think he was waitin' for a handout from the Salvation Army, wouldn't you? Well, he's not. He's *got* it, brother. Believe me, he's *got* it good and plenty: he's *got* it salted away where no one ain't goin' to touch it. That guy's got a sock full of dough!"

"Jesus!" another remarks. "What good's it goin' to do an old guy like that? He can't take any of it with him, can he?"

"You said it, brother," and the conversation would become philosophical.

Bascom Hawke was himself conscious of his parsimony, and although he sometimes asserted that he was "only a poor man" he realized that his exaggerated economies could not be justified to his business associates on account of poverty: they taunted him slyly, saying, "Come on, Hawke, let's go to lunch. You can get a good meal at the Pahkeh House for a couple of bucks." Or "Say, Hawke, I know a place where they're havin' a sale of winter overcoats: I saw one there that would just suit you —you can get it for sixty dollars." Or "Do you need a good laundry, Reverend? I know a couple of Chinks who do good work."

To which Bascom, with the characteristic evasiveness of parsimony, would reply, snuffling derisively down his nose: "No, sir! You won't catch me in any of their stinking restaurants. You never know what you're getting: if you could see the dirty, nasty, filthy kitchens where your food is prepared you'd lose your appetite quick enough." His parsimony had resulted in a compensating food mania: he declared that "in his young days" he "ruined his digestion by eating in restaurants," he painted the most revolting pictures of the filth of these establishments, laughing scornfully down his nose as he declared: "I suppose you think it tastes better after some dirty, nasty, stinking *nigger* has wiped his old hands all over it" (phuh-phuh-phuh-phuh-phuh!)—here he would contort his face and snuffle scornfully down his nose; and he was bitter in his denunciation of "rich foods," declaring they had "destroyed more lives than all the wars and all the armies since the beginning of time."

As he had grown older he had become more and more convinced of the healthy purity of "raw foods," and he prepared for himself at home raw revolting messes of chopped-up carrots, onions, turnips, even raw potatoes, which he devoured at table, smacking his lips with an air of keen relish, and declaring to his wife: "You may poison *yourself* on your old roasts and oysters and turkeys if you please: you wouldn't catch *me* eating that stuff. No, sir! Not on your life! I think too much of my stomach!" But his use of the pronoun "you" was here universal rather than particular because if that lady's longevity had depended on her abstinence from "roasts and oysters and turkeys" there was no reason why she should not have lived forever.

Or again, if it were a matter of clothing, a matter of fencing in his bones and tallows against the frozen nail of Boston winter, he would howl derisively: "An overcoat! Not on your life! I wouldn't give two cents for all the old overcoats in the world! The only thing they're good for is to gather up germs and give you colds and pneumonia. I haven't worn an overcoat in thirty years, and I've never had the *vestige*—no! not the *semblance*—of a cold

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during all that time!"—an assertion that was not strictly accurate since he always complained bitterly of at least two or three during the course of a single winter, declaring at those times that no more hateful, treacherous, damnable climate than that of Boston had ever been known.

Similarly, if it were a question of laundries he would scornfully declare that he would not send *"his* shirts and collars to let some dirty old Chinaman spit and *hock* upon them—*yes!"* he would gleefully howl, as some new abomination of nastiness suggested itself to his teeming brain— *"Yes!* and iron it *in,* too, so you can can walk around done up in old Chinaman's spit!"—(Phuh-phuh-phuh-phuh-phuh!)—here he would grimace, contort his rubbery lip, and laugh down his nose in forced snarls of gratification and triumph.

This was the old man who now stood clutching his raw bony hands across his waist, before entering his office.

This was his history:

Bascom Hawke had been the scholar of his amazing family: he was a man of powerful intelligence and disordered emotions. Even in his youth, his eccentricities of dress, speech, walk, manner had made him an object of ridicule to his Southern kinsmen, but their ridicule was streaked with pride, since they accepted the impact of his personality as another proof that theirs was an extraordinary family. "He's one of 'em, all right," they said exultantly, "queerer than any of us!"

Bascom's youth, following the war between the States, had been seared by a bitter poverty: at once enriched and warped by a life that clung to the earth with a root-like tenacity, that was manual, painful, spare and stricken, and that rebuilt itself—fiercely, cruelly, and richly—from the earth. And, because there burned and blazed in him from the first a hatred of human indignity, a passionate avowal of man's highness and repose, he felt more bitterly than the others the delinquencies of his father, and the multiplication of his father's offspring, who came regularly into a world of empty cupboards.

"As each of them made its unhappy entrance into the world," he would say later, his voice tremulous with passion, "I went out into the woods, striking my head against the trees, and blaspheming God in my anger. Yes, sir," he continued, pursing his long lip rapidly against his few loose upper teeth, and speaking with an exaggerated pedantry of enunciation, "I am not ashamed to confess that I did. For we were living in conditions un-*worthy*—*unworthy"*—his voice rising to an evangelical yell, "I had almost said—of the condition of animals. And—*say*—what do you think?"—he said, with a sudden shift in manner and tone, becoming, after his episcopal declaration, matter of fact and whisperingly confidential. "Why, do you know, my boy, at one time I had to take my *own* father aside, and point out to him we were living in no way becoming decent people."—Here his voice sank to a whisper, and he tapped me on the knee with his big stiff finger, grimacing horribly and pursing his lip against his dry upper teeth.

Poverty had been the mistress of his youth and Bascom Hawke had not forgotten: poverty had burned its way into his heart. He took what education he could find in a backwoods school, read everything he could, taught, for two or three years, in a country school and, at the age of twenty-one, borrowing enough money for railway fare, went to Boston to enroll himself at Harvard. And, somehow, because of the fire that burned in him, the fierce determination of his soul, he had been admitted, secured employment waiting on tables, tutoring, and pressing every one's trousers but his own, and lived in a room with two other starved wretches on $3.50 a week, cooking, eating, sleeping, washing, and studying in the one place.

At the end of seven years he had gone through the college and the school of theology, performing brilliantly in Greek, Hebrew, and metaphysics.

Poverty, fanatical study, the sexual meagreness of his surroundings, had made of him a gaunt zealot: at thirty he was a lean fanatic, a true Yankee madman, high-boned, with gray thirsty eyes and a thick flaring sheaf of oaken hair—six feet three inches of gangling and ludicrous height, gesticulating madly and obliviously before a grinning world. But he had a grand lean head: he looked somewhat like the great Ralph Waldo Emerson—with the brakes off.

About this time, he married a young Southern woman of a good family: she was from Tennessee, her parents were both dead, in the seventies she had come north and had lived for several years with an uncle in Providence, who had been constituted guardian of her estate, amounting probably to about seventy-five thousand dollars, although her romantic memory later multiplied the sum to two hundred

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thousand dollars. The man squandered part of her money and stole the rest: she came, therefore, to Bascom without much dowry, but she was pretty, bright, intelligent, and had a good figure. Bascom smote the walls of his room with bloody knuckles, and fell down before God.

When Bascom met her she was a music student in Boston: she had a deep full-toned contralto voice which was wrung from her somewhat tremulously when she sang. She was a small woman, birdlike and earnest, delicately fleshed and boned, quick and active in her movements and with a crisp tart speech which still bore, curiously, traces of a Southern accent. She was a brisk, serious, lady-like little person, without much humor, and she was very much in love with her gaunt suitor. They saw each other for two years: they went to concerts, lectures, sermons; they talked of music, poetry, philosophy and of God, but they never spoke of love. But one night Bascom met her in the parlor of her boarding house on Huntington Avenue, and with a voice vibrant and portentous with the importance of the words he had to utter, began as follows: "Miss Louise!" he said carefully, gazing thoughtfully over the apex of his hands. "There comes a time when a man, having reached an age of discretion and mature judgment, must begin to consider one of the *gravest*—yes! by all means one of the most important events in human life. The event I refer to is—matrimony." He paused, a clock was beating out its punctual measured tock upon the mantel, and a horse went by with ringing hoofs upon the street. As for Louise, she sat quietly erect, with dignified and lady-like composure, but it seemed to her that the clock was beating in her own breast, and that it might cease to beat at any moment.

"For a minister of the gospel," Bascom continued, "the decision is particularly grave because, for him—once made it is *irrevocable,* once determined upon, it must be followed *inexorably, relentlessly*—aye! to the edge of the grave, to the *uttermost* gates of death, so that the possibility of an error in judgment is *fraught,*" his voice sinking to a boding whisper—"is *fraught* with the most terrible consequences. Accordingly," Uncle Bascom said in a deliberate tone, "having decided to take this step, realizing to the *full*—to the *full,* mind you—its gravity, I have searched my soul, I have questioned my heart. I have gone up into the mount-ings and out into the desert and communed with my *Maker* until," his voice rose like a demon's howl, "there no longer remains an *atom* of doubt, a *particle* of uncertainty, a *vestige* of *disbelief!* Miss Louise, I have decided that the young lady best fitted in every way to be my helpmate, the partner of my joys and griefs, the confidante of my dearest hopes, the in-*spir*-a-tion of my noblest endeavors, the companion of my declining years, and the *spirit* that shall accompany me along each step of life's vexed and troubled way, sharing with me whatever God in his *inscrutable* Providence shall will, whether of wealth or poverty, grief or happiness—I have decided, Miss Louise, that that lady must be—yourself! —and, therefore, I request," he said slowly and impressively, "the honor of your hand in mar-ri-age."

She loved him, she had hoped, prayed, and agonized for just such a moment, but now that it had come she rose immediately with lady-like dignity, and said: "Mistah Hawke: I am honuhed by this mahk of yoah esteem and affection, and I pwomise to give it my most *un*nest considahwation without delay. I wealize fully, Mistah Hawke, the gwavity of the wuhds you have just uttuhed. Foh my paht, I must tell you, Mistah Hawke, that if I accept yoah pwoposal, I shall come to you without the fawchun which was *wight*fully mine, but of which I have been depwived and defwauded by the *wascality*—yes! the *wascality* of my gahdian. I shall come to you, theahfoh, without the dow'y I had hoped to be able to contwibute to my husband's fawchuns."

"Oh, my *dear* Miss Louise! My *dear* young lady!" Uncle Bascom cried, waving his great hand through the air with a dismissing gesture. "Do not suppose—do not for one instant suppose, I beg of you!—that consideration of a monetary nature could influence my decision. Oh, not in the slightest!" he cried. "Not at all, not at all!"

"Fawchnatly," Louise continued, "my inhewitance was not *wholly* dissipated by this scoundwel. A pohtion, a vewy small pohtion, remains."

"My dear girl! My dear young lady!" Uncle Bascom cried. "It is not of the *slightest* consequence. . . . How much did he leave?" he added.

Thus they were married.

Bascom immediately got a church in the Middle West: good pay and a house. But during the course of the next twenty years he was shifted from church to church, from sect to sect—to Brooklyn, then back to the Middle West, to the Dakotas, to Jersey City, to Western Massachusetts, and finally back to the small towns surrounding Boston.

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How Strong Is Roosevelt?

By Frank R. Kent

A candidacy without parallel, Franklin D. Roosevelt's draws its strength from a curious set of circumstances. Frank R. Kent in the second of his series of articles analyzes the Roosevelt tactics and reveals a good deal concerning the leading candidate himself.

In the matter of Presidential campaigns my experience as a political reporter goes back to 1900, when McKinley and Roosevelt were nominated by the Republicans in Philadelphia, and Bryan and Stevenson named by the Democrats in Kansas City. Since then there have been seven national elections and fourteen national conventions, in all of which it has been my extremely interesting job to be an active observer and chronicler. Of the situation that at present exists in reference to the Democratic Presidential nomination, I can recall no parallel.

It is, of course, true that no campaign is exactly like any other campaign. Issues and individuals change. Alignments shift or break up. Parties swing to the right or left. Politics is a kaleidoscopic business and there is no such thing as political stability, which is perhaps one of the great charms of the game and accounts for its extraordinary fascination. Anything may happen in politics. Knowledge of that fact keeps hope alive in many a rugged statesman's breast long after his never vigorous Presidential chances have breathed their flickering last. Nevertheless, there are certain political rules that apply—or rather have applied—in all past campaigns; certain things that are accepted as axiomatic and seem too logical to be disregarded. One of these has been that a candidate's main strength is in his own section. If he is not strong at home, political reasoning has been that he cannot very well be strong somewhere else.

This is a vast country—some think much too vast to be efficiently managed by a government centralized in Washington. It is sectionally divided, North and South, East and West. The people on the Atlantic coast have small understanding of those in the Pacific States. New England knows little of the Southern problems. Different types, different outlook, different reactions, different conditions, the impossibility of any one man, as a national candidate, appealing equally to all parts of the nation is apparent to even the superficial observer. If he is strong in one section he will not be strong in another. As a rule men are nominated for President because of their strength in a vital political section, or for Vice-President because of their supposed ability to carry the pivotal State from which they come. It is extremely rare that candidates for either President or Vice-President have been nominated by either party from States of unshakable party complexion. Nearly always the great practical argument in favor of nomination is favorable sentiment in the candidate's own section or State.

All of this makes the present state of affairs in the Democratic Party the more remarkable, because the fact is that so far as any one can remember this is the first time the weakness of the leading candidate and most probable nominee is in his own section, his strength almost wholly outside. That such is the case with the Franklin Roosevelt candidacy is beyond dispute. The opposition to him is largely confined to the East—his own section of the country—a lot of it in his own State, New York—all of it in the section where he normally should be strong—north of the Ohio River and east of the Mississippi. His main support is in the extreme South and the far West. It is an unique situation, some of the causes for which are plain and others puzzling.

Perhaps it may be of interest to recite a little party history. In 1900 Bryan was renominated. The West—his own section—and the South were solidly for him, the East was as solidly against him, but acquiesced because there was no one with whom to fight him. In 1904, Bryan, after two defeats, stepped aside, and Alton B. Parker, of New York, was nominated by the East, the West and South sullenly acquiescing. Such sentiment as there was for Parker was all in the East, none outside. In 1908

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Bryan was again nominated, the East again sullenly acquiescing. In 1912 the Democratic fight was a duel between Wilson and Clark. The East—Wilson's section—was overwhelmingly with him, despite the fact that Tammany opposition held the New York delegation away. Outside of his Tammany support, Mr. Clark's strength was the South and part of the West. Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Massachusetts, Ohio, Maryland, Connecticut, were wild for Wilson. He had strength in the West, but he was the man the East—his own section—wanted.

In 1916 Wilson was, of course, renominated, but in 1920 the nomination of James M. Cox was largely due to the fact that he had carried his own State —Ohio—three times and was strong there. In 1924 there was another duel—this time between McAdoo and Smith. The McAdoo following was entirely West—where he lived—and South, where he was born. He was ardently hated in the East, despite the fact that he had a majority in the convention. John W. Davis came out of that dreadful battle, the compromise candidate, foredoomed to defeat. Then came 1928. Smith, then in the position now occupied by Roosevelt, was the logical and outstanding man in the party. The East—his own section—with extraordinary solidity was behind him. There was not an Eastern State this side of the Mississippi that did not flame with feeling for him. In the West and South he had friends but no real strength. Those sections "sullenly acquiesced." His weakness was there.

And now we come to 1932—with Governor Roosevelt curiously reversing the rule that has applied to all the other aspirants for the Presidential nomination—that their main strength should be in their own section. His weakness is in his own section, his strength outside. This is much too clear to dispute. From the start of his Presidential campaign the real enthusiasm for him has been among Southern and Western leaders. Those in the East may in the end "sullenly acquiesce" in him—as the South and West did in Smith in 1928—but they are not with him, they do not want him, they are still scheming and planning and hoping to find a way to block him. It is a most curious and, I think, unprecedented state of affairs.

The truth is the whole Roosevelt candidacy is an extraordinary mixture of contradictions. Now that, after many months of deprecatory waving of his hand when the Presidency was mentioned, he is finally out in the open and far in the lead, a clearer idea of some of these contradictions can be had. For example, take his simultaneous support by three as completely irreconcilable elements as we have in the country. When they are analyzed it seems almost inconceivable that they can all be favorable to the same candidate at the same time. After the nomination it would not be so striking. Then the party spirit and the party label draw together behind the ticket widely divergent groups. But before the nomination it is extraordinary.

One of these elements is the guilt-stained Tammany organization, recently revealed as stinking with corruption and reeking with graft. It is conceded that Tammany is with Roosevelt. It is conceded that without Tammany he could not get the support of his own State. It is conceded that Tammany will stick with him even though he is compelled to remove from office several Tammany men, such as "Tin Box" Farley, from whom Mr. Seabury has pulled the covers and against whom charges and evidence are now before him. Tammany, it is said, recognizes that there is nothing else he can do. Tammany, it is said, will understand and not break because of his expected action in these cases. They won't like it, but they know a man who is after the Presidency has to do it. They do not, however, expect him to accompany this action with any general indictment of Tammany. They don't expect him to declare war on Tammany. Neither does any one else. Short of that, it is said by those in position to know, Tammany will stand by.

The second is the extreme radical element of the Northwest. Among its leaders are Senator Wheeler of Montana, Senator Norris of Nebraska, and Representative Howard, formerly Secretary to the late William Jennings Bryan. Mr. Wheeler and Mr. Howard each have bills in this Congress providing for the free coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1 —the old Bryan idea. From the start these breezy statesmen have clasped Mr. Roosevelt to their bosoms more ardently than any one else. They claim him as one of them, assert that he is the implacable foe of Wall Street and the "Interests," a true Progressive. They have even suggested that if the Democrats nominate any other than Roosevelt, a Third Party ticket will follow. These Progressives are, themselves, and so is their section, inherently

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anti-Tammany, and largely anti-New York. Yet they constitute the most enthusiastic generals of the Roosevelt army.

The third influence that seems on the side of Mr. Roosevelt is certain strong journalistic and civic factors in New York, strongly conservative in character and very anti-Tammany. These are completely out of sympathy with the economic ideas of the so-called Progressive Democrats of the Wheeler-Howard type. They are revolted at the Tammany disclosures and consistently inveigh against the sinister nature of Tammany domination of City government. Yet Tammany, the Northwest radicals and these ultraconservative New York influences see Mr. Roosevelt's candidacy in the same favorable light—though from wholly different angles. It isn't easy to think of three more incongruous factors. Except in the matter of the Roosevelt candidacy there is not a common thought among them. It really is remarkable to find a preconvention candidate so marvellously balanced as to appeal with equal force to both conservative and Progressive wings, who has both the machine and the anti-machine groups. Perhaps it is not any more remarkable than that, though a wet and on record for repeal, so much of Mr. Roosevelt's delegate strength comes from the dry, anti-repeal South. When a survey of his situation is made it is impossible to escape the conviction that if Mr. Roosevelt ever does get to be President, some of his supporters are going to be very much disappointed in him. He just can't be all the things all these elements think he is.

The friends of Mr. Roosevelt see in this situation a sound political argument for his nomination. They claim that what the party needs is a candidate who does appeal to all elements, and is hostile to none; that Roosevelt's ability to do this gives him his present advantage and insures party unity after the convention. Those not his friends take a different view. They reason that a candidate cannot and should not be all things to all men; that the agreeable nature of the Roosevelt candidacy to groups so diametrically opposed argues either a lack of conviction or a covering up of conviction; that his present attitude of "all for one and one for all" may be good politics in that it gets behind him the politicians who control delegates, but that to the people it will seem an effort to carry water on both shoulders, and is not calculated to make them visualize him as a strong President, but rather as a straddler, a trimmer, a pussyfooter. Two things recently have occurred to strengthen this feeling. One was his anti-League statement. The background of that statement was this: Mr. Roosevelt was one of the strongest pro-League supporters in the country. In 1920, as a Vice-Presidential candidate, he made innumerable speeches urging our entrance into the League, lauding the Wilsonian ideals. There was no more ardent advocate. William Randolph Hearst has been the most conspicuous and consistent foe of the League. Violently opposed to Woodrow Wilson, Mr. Hearst has never ceased to hammer the League, the World Court, and any proposal to cancel war debts. Early in February Mr. Hearst published a letter to one of his editors in which he said he was tired of receiving "these private assurances" from friends of Governor Roosevelt that he was against the League, against cancellation, and against this and that. These were, said Mr. Hearst, public questions, not private questions. He wanted no more personal and private assurances. What he wanted was a public statement from Mr. Roosevelt bearing out these private messages. It was pretty baldly put, but it brought the answer. Two days later Governor Roosevelt issued a statement denouncing the League as a failure, declaring he no longer favored American participation. He also declared against cancellation of war debts. In brief, he practically adopted the Hearst attitude on foreign affairs.

The second thing that happened was his Prohibition statement, made just two days in advance of Al Smith's statement and after it was announced Smith would speak. In promulgating his views in advance of Smith, it was held, he vaccinated against the effort to make him seem dry in the wet States, but still retains his dry support. All the Democratic aspirants are wet—Roosevelt, Smith, Ritchie, Baker—but Roosevelt is the wet who best suits the drys. The Smith statement in effect puts him in the field as against Roosevelt, and Smith delegates will be voted on in every wet State. Few people think there is any real chance that Smith can be nominated, but everybody concedes that he has reduced the likelihood of Roosevelt's nomination. He has stiffened the anti-Roosevelt forces in the important States and the drive to stop Roosevelt has been given renewed impetus. It may succeed, though the Roosevelt lead is still a long one and his forces are fighting desperately for a majority of the convention before it convenes. Smith's real aim is for an "open convention." It promises to be an interesting and exciting duel. It was Smith who, in 1924, "stopped" McAdoo, with

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practically the same support now back of Roosevelt. If Roosevelt can be "stopped" it will be Smith who does it. The situation is naturally one in which all other Presidential aspirants co-operate with Smith. Personally, it seems to me that what appears to be lack of candor about Mr. Roosevelt's candidacy accounts to a considerable degree for the personal feeling about him among the more sophisticated and intelligent politicians, some of whom are politically for him, some against.

For example, there was the deprecatory note of that "simple duty" phrase, which he used in consenting to the filing of his name in the North Dakota primaries. Mr. Roosevelt spoke modestly of himself as a forward-looking man with "progressive ideals." It was, he said, the "simple duty" of such a man to respond to "the call." One got from this the idea that here is a man who, much against his will, is being urged for the Presidency, but because the country calls him and the party needs him, will consent to serve, though at great personal sacrifice. It is a very noble, if slightly unctuous, attitude, but how does it fit in with the energetic, nationwide campaign to get the nomination, which for more than a year has been conducted by men in closest touch with him?

The popular voice is supposed to be exercised in the primaries. It is there the people have—or are supposed to have—their chance to call. Before a single primary had been held Mr. Roosevelt's managers claimed 678 delegates out of the 1,154 convention total. Only a few of these delegates had then been selected. Yet an official table of the Roosevelt first ballot strength was given. Included in this were the votes of the Canal Zone, Porto Rico, Hawaii, the Philippines, Alaska—6 each—and the Virgin Islands—2.

The voters there never have a chance to "call." The Republican delegates are controlled by the administration, and the Democratic delegates by one or two local politicians. To land them in the Roosevelt column somebody had to go after them, make contacts with the key men, tie them up. It is conceded they are tied up. Every politician knows what this means. These Territorial votes are the first the astute campaign manager of a Presidential aspirant goes after. The fellow who goes after them generally gets them. The Roosevelt people went. No one else did. Roosevelt has them. It does seem, however, in the matter of these Territorial delegates, the call came from the Roosevelt managers, not from the Territories. In effect, Mr. Roosevelt called himself.

The truth is there has not at any time been any evidence of a Roosevelt "call" from the people. He has been a candidate for over a year. An organized drive for support has been made for him such as no one else was able to make. Politicians who control delegates in States and Territories have been lined up without much trouble. For one reason, he suited their "local situations," and the "local situation" is always the prime concern of the local politician. For another, he was the only aspirant for whom a real effort was being made. Combine that with his position as Governor of New York, his name, and the absence of competition, and it is easy to understand how his candidacy was given the band-wagon look it now has, which is a real political asset. What happened in North Dakota was simple enough. Sentiment there is what local leaders make it. A couple of dominant Democrats, believing Roosevelt best suited to their local situation, after conference with Roosevelt's managers and some newspaper publicity, decided to file his name. There are not many Democrats in North Dakota. The leaders easily control the primaries. Roosevelt had no opposition. He got the delegates, but if that is a "call" you have to be listening very intently to hear it. He will do much the same thing in all the other Western States, where no one will run against him. And he may, by the time this is printed, have carried New Hampshire, though a slate of Smith-pledged delegates has there been filed.

In the meantime the Roosevelt management has expanded and put on more pressure. It has become now a large and elaborate affair and no political stone is being left unturned to increase the Roosevelt lead. Literature, biographies and buttons are being scattered about the land. Clubs are organized and drums are beaten. With all this in plain view, a good many people would feel better about Governor Roosevelt if, instead of putting his candidacy on the ground of "the simple duty of a forward-looking man to respond to a call," he more frankly recognized that his friends began to seek the nomination for him long before a call was possible, and are now straining every nerve to land the prize, with his complete knowledge and approval. There would be less underneath disparagement of him if he could see that it is not necessary—and even a little absurd—for a candidate to pretend he does not want to be a candidate. It would also lessen the

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temptation to point out that, however much he may think he hears them calling in North Dakota, Alaska and the Philippines, they appear to be calling for some one else in Ohio, Illinois, Massachusetts, New Jersey, Maryland and other places.

As things stand to-day, the Roosevelt showing is an impressive one. There are some astute political observers who believe that the inherent weakness of his sectional opposition, the curious and conflicting character of his support and the determined nature of his foes will cause him to bog down at the "water jump." A few weeks ago most politicians were ready to concede his nomination. Since the Smith statement there has been a switch and, though the odds are still with him, the general belief is that he will not be permitted to "sew up" the nomination before the convention. Conventions are not controlled by delegates, nor primaries by the people. Each is in the hands of the practical politicians. Less than a hundred men will pick the Democratic candidate. Of these Roosevelt has the majority. If he were really a strong man there would now be not the slightest question about his nomination. The fight would be over. It would be recognized he could not be headed off. That despite his great lead over all other aspirants, there still exists a doubt, is the surest indication that it is his advantageous position as Governor of New York, and the effective campaign that has been made for him, rather than any strength in the man himself, which puts him where he is. The fact is that in the matter of political support Mr. Roosevelt has the quantity, but not the quality. What I mean can be best illustrated by citing that not one of the last three Democratic Presidential candidates is with him—James M. Cox, 1920; John W. Davis, 1924; Alfred E. Smith, 1928. When you consider that he was Mr. Cox's running mate in 1920 and put Mr. Smith in nomination in 1928, the attitude of these two is particularly significant.

Summing the situation up, it can, I think, be fairly said that through Tammany support in New York, and a combination of Progressive West and dry South, Mr. Roosevelt's chances of being nominated are slightly better than an even bet. Nevertheless, he is distinctly not the choice of the more important party leaders in the East—particularly in his own State. He is not liked by the business element, and there is no genuine popular sentiment for him in his own section. Ritchie, Young and Baker are preferred to Roosevelt in the larger States with the most electoral votes. Yet, such are the ways of politics and politicians, that Governor Roosevelt may get the convention votes from some of these in which they want him least. It is a condition that makes the more clear-headed Democratic leaders very thoughtful indeed.

Of course, the really interesting question is what effect, if any, will this extraordinary business of gaining the nomination against the sentiment of his own section have upon Mr. Roosevelt's election chances—always supposing that he does gain it. If the convention were held now, and the election next month, it would have no effect. Such is the condition of the country and at so low an ebb are the political fortunes of the Republican Party that it is generally agreed that right now any Democrat can beat Mr. Hoover. Further, there are few who do not believe, if the present distressing business slump continues until November without appreciable amelioration, that any Democrat can beat him then. So, if the depression fails to lift between now and the election, no Democrat need corrugate his brow with worry over what will happen if Roosevelt should be nominated. He would win without trouble despite the "sullen acquiescence" of the East. The well-known and often-mentioned tendency of the people in hard times is to vote against the party in power. With or without reason they want to punish. Their ardent desire is to hit, and in this case Mr. Hoover's is the head at which they aim. He is the shining target. Roosevelt or any one else probably can defeat him on any kind of a platform so long as this disposition lasts. No argument is needed, no appeal necessary. All the Democrats have to do, if there is no change for the better, is sit tight and trust to the normal emotional reaction of the voters. The trust will not be in vain.

On the other hand, suppose the election is held not in the acute midst of a deep depression but merely in the shadow of a retreating one. In that case things will be considerably different. In that case no one doubts that the above-mentioned popular disposition to punish will be modified, if not removed. Every student of politics agrees that the Democratic chances of victory will diminish in the exact ratio that business improves. The moral is that, bright though the outlook is, the Democrats will incur an unnecessary risk not to nominate their best available man. It may be that Mr. Roosevelt is the best, but the fact is too plain to ignore that a good many party people do not think so.

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Does Music Have to Be European?

By Roy Harris

The whole process of producing serious music in this country is in the hands of those who fail to realize the necessity or desirability of giving adequate performance to American works. Mr. Harris is a young composer considered by critics among the most promising. He speaks straightforwardly concerning the problems of American composers.

AMERICA is vast and elemental; America is desperately struggling to wrest social balance from her omnivorous industrialism. America is rolling plains, wind-swept prairies, gaunt deserts, rugged mountains, lonely rockbound shores, seas of wheat and corn stretching on to the elastic horizon, cotton and tobacco fields, fruit orchards, little bare mining towns huddled on the sides of mountains, lumber camps, oil fields and New England mill towns; America is smoking, jostling, clamorous cities of steel and glass and electricity dominating human destinies. America waits calmly between the Pacific and the Atlantic while the tide of the Mississippi rises and falls with the seasons.

Americans are more than the civilization which they have thus far built. This civilization is only some temporary prerequisite which we are too near to evaluate. Americans will live through to-day's institutions and inevitably create new institutions. We are the plastic stuff of nature; we mould ourselves to meet the exigencies of survival. Our climate and our social, political and economic customs are producing characteristic Americans by the same biological process by which characteristic Frenchmen, Germans and Englishmen were moulded, from the same Aryan race stream.

Our dignity is not pompous, nor our profoundest feelings suppliant; our gaiety is not graceful nor our humor whimsical. Our dignity lies in direct driving force, our deeper feelings are stark and reticent; our gaiety is ribald and our humor ironic. These are moods in which American composers are born and which surround them, and these moods produce unique values of beauty, a different feeling for rhythm, melody and form. It is precisely this spontaneous native feeling for distinctly different musical values which makes the problem of the serious American composer so especially difficult. His moods are not warmed-over moods of eighteenth and nineteenth century European society, nor is his musical material rearranged and retinted formulæ of the standard classics. Consequently, our audiences, teachers and critics and our imported conductors and performers are confronted with musical values with which they are unfamiliar.

Our rhythmic impulses are fundamentally different from the rhythmic impulses of Europeans; and from this characteristic rhythmic sense are generated different values in melody and form. Our sense of rhythm is less symmetrical than the European rhythmic sense. European musicians are trained to think of rhythm in broad, symmetrical metres, while we are born with a feeling for its smallest specific units and their possible juxtapositions.

For instance: given a 4-4 metre, the European will generally think (1+2+3+4) in quarters, or in eighths (1,2+3,4+5,6+7,8) or in sixteenths (1,2,3,4 +5,6,7,8+9,10,11,12+13,14,15,16); but the American is very apt to feel spontaneously (1+2,3+4) in quarters, or in eighths (1,2,3+4,5+6,7,8) or in sixteenths (1,2,3+4,5,6+7,8,9,10+11,12,13+14,15,16).

The American does not think these rhythms out first as mathematical problems; he feels them in terms of spontaneous musical ideas; to cut them out of our music would be to gainsay the source of our musical impulses. Our struggle is not to invent new rhythms and melodies and forms; it is to formulate them into such clear notation that their character will be preserved in performance. Time

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and again I have heard my American associates play rhythmic-melodic phrases which sounded natural and spontaneous but which were very difficult to define on paper. In lecturing to groups I have repeatedly played rhythmic melodies before showing their notation on the blackboard. Invariably some musician in the audience will venture the comment: "They don't look like they sound." They look complicated; they sound simple and natural. The new type of form which is evolving from these rhythmically freer melodies also looks difficult and sounds natural. There is nothing strange about this American rhythmic talent. Children skip and walk that way, our conversation would be strained and monotonous without such rhythmic nuances. What is strange is that repetition could have been so insidious as to accustom our ears to the symmetrical rhythms which predominate in eighteenth and nineteenth century European music.

Contemporary European composers also employ freer rhythms in their music, but the rhythms are written into the music. They do not fall naturally into spontaneous melodic lines. They sound like they look on paper—difficult. Stravinsky's "Les Noces," for example, sounds like an imbroglio of rhythmic patterns. When Ravel attempted to incorporate our rhythmic sense in his violin sonata it sounded studied because he had not felt the rhythm in terms of musical phraseology. Even Bela Bartok, who has been deeply influenced by Hungarian folk song, often writes superimposed rhythms which are intellectual conceptions rather than spontaneous musical impulses.

The problem of American composers is not one of authentic creative impulses; it is rather the lack of an indigenous musical culture which would provide adequate performances, receptive audiences and intelligent appraisals.

The growth of musical culture is manifested in three ways: the understanding and discriminating appreciation of audiences, the development of interpretative musicians, and the production of characteristic native composition. Audiences are the roots of musical culture; interpretative musicians form the professional body of music; and original composition is the final fruit. And musical culture, that strange plant of civilization, develops in much the same way as a tree develops; roots, body and fruit are interdependent. Obviously, there can be no body of interpretative musicians until there is already an audience to feed it, nor can there be a growth in musical composition until composers have the necessary experience of hearing their works performed and appraised by capable and sympathetic interpretative musicians.

Thus far American audiences have developed upon imported music and imported interpreters. This does not mean that we are unmusical. It simply means that our people have been preoccupied with the building of economic empire; that cultural pursuits were not pressing issues and so we had to procure their products from nations who had already passed through the initial stages of civilization. As late as the time of Bach, German courts procured their music and their musicians from France and Italy. German church organists, choristers and composers grew on German soil, and it was not until they produced the choral-variation forms which grew out of the Lutheran church service that Germany really began to develop musically. It is natural for a young society to import musical culture. Every European society has done so except France, and her troubadours accepted their notation from the Roman Catholic Church.

It was natural and necessary that we import interpretative musicians and with them their native music; and because America was conceived as a democratic and capitalistic society, there was no court life and music had to be sold as a competitive commodity. We were culturally green and budding, we were gullible and easily browbeaten. It was good business to import a musical personality and watch the eager, excited, socially exploited and curious American dollars roll in. Barnum was the first big Showman. He imported Jenny Lind, Ole Bull and others. He plastered his artists with a thick coating of "hokum." He prospered and set a precedent. The practice of this precedent has been considerably toned down, but with the aid of subtle advertising technic and newspaper circulation it is even more wide-spread and far-reaching.

But it is also natural that a society should outgrow the predigested musical culture which it needed to import from a more mature society. Each society needs to experiment with its own wings until it is self-sufficient. American society has gladly accepted music from Europe and paid for it with a stream of gold. We accepted European notation, scales and instruments.

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Reproducing machines, records and radios have cost us heavily. They have led us to form habits at the very turning point when we would naturally have been throwing off European influences. Each invention has carried such an interest in sheer ingenious mechanical achievement that it has been possible and economically profitable to go through the same stages of musical development again. First in the concert halls, then with the reproducing records and now with radio, the American public has been and is still being led through the same imported musical literature and the same "personality hokum" about European "Maestro" interpreters. The business men of music have learned a lucrative formula.

The "great American public" has been very efficiently trained to know that it prefers an endless reiteration of the "standard classics"—meaning the best works of eighteenth and nineteenth century Europe, especially German instrumental music and Italian opera. It has been trained to believe that the moods, melodic styles, harmonic idioms, sequential forms and rhythms of that music are the final undivided cream of human experience, and that anything else is distinctly *not* music. And, finally, because there is a saturation point beyond which human attention cannot focus, American audiences are learning to demand and pay for the mechanical perfection and personal idiosyncrasies of *prima donna* performers. The social significance of music is being smothered in commercial dickering.

Toscanini knew that he would not dare to appear in any European country without presenting works of native composers, proof of which is his performance of native works in every European capital. Toscanini also knew perfectly well that he would not antagonize American audiences or critics by touring Europe with the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, without presenting one single American work. European critics commented on the irregularity of the proceeding, but our own critics accepted it as a matter of course.

Until American audiences refuse to be browbeaten by foreign conductors, performers and commercial critics, until we can accept adequate performances and performers as the natural prerequisites of musical culture and become absorbed in the content and meaning of the music itself, American composers cannot hope for much support.

The professional body of interpretative musicians divides naturally into *participating* interpreters (conductors, orchestral men and soloists) and *appraising* interpreters (teachers and critics). Of the participating interpreters, conductors and their orchestras are by far the most important resource of native composers. In the first place, conductors and their orchestras have a closer and more stable relationship to the community which supports them. Touring virtuosi must master a few programmes to mechanical perfection. They then tour all over the world simply repeating the same programmes and employing the same publicity leads in each place.

Naturally, such a touring virtuoso is very chary about including any modern works on his programmes. His livelihood depends upon steering the safest course from one musical port to the next and he trims his sails accordingly.

On the other hand, conductors and their orchestras cannot afford to be too limited in their repertories. They play to the same public each week for the whole season and their repertories must be representative. Unfortunately, the relationship of the American composer to American orchestras and their conductors is so far not a very fruitful one. In the first place, most of our conductors and orchestral men were born with European temperaments and were surrounded during their most receptive and plastic years with European musical traditions and idioms. They do not readily respond to our serious music. As a general rule they understand and prefer the commercial jazz idiom because it has a very steady rhythmic pulse, because its harmonic texture is obvious, its form elementary, its moods light and its orchestration effective. Or, if a professional gesture of social courtesy is unavoidable, the conductors generally programme some American composer whose idiom and moods are frankly post-Wagnerian or post-Strauss or post-Debussy, and who has learned to capture some of the orchestral effectiveness of these composers. But conductors do not relish the emotional content of our stronger native music; and, above all, they resent the technical difficulties of its rhythmic patterns and forms.

Such music requires a new receptive approach, a concentration and plasticity in which neither the conductor nor his orchestra can rest on their experience. But most of our orchestras are lacking in plasticity because of over-drilling on the most esoteric

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nuances of the standard literature. They have learned this literature and can go on giving it ad infinitum without much effort. Such repetition tends toward technical and spiritual sterility. And this sterility not only deadens the orchestral men; it makes listless, sated audiences. It becomes a vicious circle—concerts become dry-as-dust institutions, audiences become undemonstrative masses. Leopold Stokowski has felt this so strongly that he has initiated as part of his daily routine the sight reading of new scores. Consequently, the Philadelphia Orchestra has an amazing sight-reading facility and a plastic receptivity to new musical idioms which certainly justifies this forward-looking policy. We can only hope that such a plasticity is an early symptom of what is to follow.

But so far characteristic American works are side-stepped if possible. If too much pressure is brought to bear, they are very often given what is professionally known as a "scratch" performance. American audiences have been trained to mechanically perfect performances of Tschaikovsky, Brahms, César Franck, Wagner, Rimsky Korsakoff and contemporary Europeans, and they know that Bach and Beethoven are good regardless of performance; when they hear an American work poorly performed they conclude that the work was not good. Unacquainted as they are with the composition, they do not realize that the musicians are so uncertain of their entrances that they are afraid to give forth clear, clean-cut phrases and that consequently their tones are dull and muddy. Under such conditions an American work sounds forlorn, faltering and uncertain and suffers by comparison when placed next to a standard work which the men can play with their eyes shut. This is a typical experience of the American composer, and with it comes the lukewarm applause of audiences and friends, who were disappointed, and the damning with faint praise by the critics who have not yet learned how to make the necessary allowances in their appraisals. The same problem is even more acute during the popular summer seasons where only one rehearsal is given for each performance.

Albert Coates, English conductor and composer, stated recently in a newspaper interview, "Had I been born an American, I doubt if I'd have had a chance—in this country at least."

It is doubtful whether this condition will be radically changed before we have a new crop of young American conductors and orchestral men who were born with the American moods and American rhythmic sense in their blood. Unfortunately, the young Americans who thus far are being admitted into our major orchestras are so apt to be impressed with the honor of their opportunity and with the desirability of absorbing the traditions of the seasoned Europeans around them that they often become more rabidly prejudiced than the routine men are.

If American music is alien in our concerts, it suffocates in the atmosphere of our pedagogy. Naturally, the objective of teachers and schools is the public success of their pupils, and their pupils are predominantly students preparing for public careers either as performers or as teachers. Prospective teachers must learn definite harmonic systems, definite contrapuntal methods, definite crystallized forms to sell again to pupils.

I recall a conversation with a very intelligent teacher who had frankly admitted that authentic composition must create and solve its own problems, that consistency of procedure could be the only rule to vital creative work; but when I criticised the teaching of definite crystallized rules I was answered somewhat as follows: "What can I do? These people come to me to learn something definite which they can teach to others for a living." This teaching of definite rules about harmony, counterpoint and form, this academic emphasis on rules that have been culled from the most obvious formulæ of obsolete styles is of course so much deadwood which experience must burn out of young students' minds before they can have any intelligent understanding of the nature of American music. As one of our prominent composers once said to his former teacher, "Your theories prepare American students to meet our own problems about as much as drilling prepared the Hessian soldiers to fight the American colonists." Prospective performers must prepare to meet the professional requirements of managers—*i. e.,* to present the musical literature of eighteenth and nineteenth century Europe. They must build a salable repertory; they must learn the classics first.

This procedure is no malicious boycotting of American music; it is a natural and, for the most part, unconscious acceptance of the concert world as it exists to-day. But the result is that during their

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most receptive and plastic years young embryonic teachers, performers, conductors and orchestral men have been obliged to neglect the melodies, rhythms and moods which are in their blood.

One of the sorest problems which the American composers must face is the prevalent incompetence of commercial critics in appraising new works which they have never before heard. There are, of course, a few exceptions to the rule, but a first-rate critical faculty is as rare as a first-rate creative talent and requires as much training. Most commercial critics accepted their positions as an escape from the wear and tear of the profession for which they prepared themselves. Some critics use their responsibility as an opportunity to work off their literary ambitions and naturally concentrate on literary phraseology rather than critical acumen. Few critics were especially prepared in ear training, musical analysis and breadth of musical culture. Many of them probably admitted it frankly in the beginning, but their position demands the gesture of authority and they are so coddled by managers and professional artists that they soon lose that first perspective. It is much easier to learn to juggle words in the simulation of authority than it is to develop the musical authority itself. And even if they were especially gifted and trained to be competent critics the commercial routine of having to write long articles on virtuosic interpretations of the same *genre* of music day after day, month after month, season after season would dull their sensibilities. In fairness, it must be added that even if they had the conscientious initiative to grow and keep abreast of contemporaneous output, their routine leaves no time or energy for growth. The power of these critics, through their influence on box-office receipts, is far out of proportion to their merit.

Finally, can American composers become socially and economically adjusted? It is my personal conviction that talented American composers will find an economic support more readily than they will find a social adjustment. There are many fellowships of recognition being offered for distinguished work—the John Simon Guggenheim Memorial giving a stipend of $2,500 annually for two years, the Pulitzer prize of $1,500, the Prix de Rome giving three years of economic leisure in Rome are some of the outstanding honorariums. (Unfortunately, all three of the above-mentioned honorariums require the recipient to go abroad for his creative period.) But there is an increasing concern for the economic stability of composers. The Eastman School of Music, the Juilliard Foundation are both publishing serious American works. Then, there is the publication *New Music,* edited by Henry Cowell. Probably the most significant policy is that of the Cos Cob Press. This publishing house contracts with American composers for the rights to all works written in a stipulated time, advancing a generous sum of money. This policy immediately raises the composer to economic citizenship and the degree of social well-being that goes with it.

But the problem of social adjustment is a very difficult and many-sided one for the serious American composer. I have already shown that American compositions are not presented often enough or well enough to acquaint American audiences with American composers. This one condition alone makes the American composer remote. The first problem of all composers in all times is that of achieving a subjective calm sufficiently continuous and focussed to enable spiritual and mental co-ordination. The solution of this problem depends on his finding and adjusting himself to an environment in which he may develop slowly and naturally, and this applies to a physical as well as a social environment. Man is so constituted that before he can profit from an intimate contact with nature he must first be at peace with himself, and this peace requires social adjustment.

How to serve society as a composer, how to become economically and socially recognized as a worthy contributing citizen, how to establish durable human contacts with individuals or groups is a harassing problem. The shifting scenes of our social and economic environments are so fluctuating, so crowded with heterogeneous influences, such a helter-skelter race of commercial jockeying, that it is very difficult to strike any bedrock economic or human relationships. Our economic system has fostered the productive psychology within such narrow limitations that no allowance is made for the leisure which is necessary for productivity in the arts. Immediate utility has become such a raucous slogan of our civilization that it is difficult for a composer to avoid the devastating position of being elbowed aside by unschooled and thoughtless acquaintances into an apologetic attitude. King Ballyhoo and his thick-hided henchmen rule the roost. The problem of social and economic adjustment is doing more to destroy talented American composers than any other problem.

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But not only the destiny of individual American composers is at stake. The issue involves the musical expression of over a hundred million people today and on into the waiting to-morrows. It is healthy to formulate creative impulses; their repression is unhealthy and dangerous to society. We are entitled to free musical speech. And music cannot speak to people until it is embodied in living tones. When foreign conductors and soloists refuse to perform our works they are denying American creative musicians the right to speak to American people. When they surround us with the idioms of eighteenth and nineteenth century European masters, and thus indirectly insist that these idioms must be our ultimate musical values, they are very subtly and circumspectly curtailing our musical liberty and our pursuit of musical happiness. They are arresting the development of the unique intimate musical values which only can express the immediate environments of the millions of human beings who happen to constitute American society. We will not be able to withstand this foreign influence in our musical life until enough American individuals realize that we cannot *buy* musical culture any more than we could buy a home environment. It must be believed in, cultivated and used.

America is developing a distinctly different civilization from Europe, Asia or the Orient, and our percentage of musical creativeness is high. But there is the possibility of stifling the ultimate musical expression of America. The musical creativeness of a society *can* be stifled, as history so emphatically illustrates in the case of post-Reformation England.

If we as a people attain the intelligence and strength to prefer our own subjective values, we will develop an indigenous music. The innate creative power is patently insistent. Our musical destiny awaits action.

So Tall the Corn

A STORY

By David Cornel DeJong

The day was hushing to evening quiet, a quiet wherein all voices haloed themselves in melancholy, and late wagons over the hill sounded tragic. Not that all the light was waning, or that bats already fluttered. After supper Culver had saddled Cyrus, the white horse, but when he had gone in to wash his hands and face he had changed his mind abruptly. Now Cyrus was in the pasture again, and Molly, who had prepared herself for a long evening of whinnying at the gate, rubbed her chin contentedly over the white horse's rump and flicked her ears. Cyrus looked very white and slender in the soft light, with pines and lighter sycamores behind him. Now the sun reclined to the horizon, but birds still sang, though somewhat plaintively.

Culver sang a little. He idled for a short while over the whip. Then there were crows, two old and two young, above the neighbor's corn; raucous, because they were aware of him; impartial, though Culver seldom handled a gun; wary, even though it was not he, but his brother, who was really a crack shot. Likewise, it was his brother who could actually get voluble over the damage crows do to the farmer. But the crows, too, were gone with their strident alarms, while his sister banged the car door shut, and disappeared down the driveway. Now he was alone, with mother evident in the rattling from the kitchen. He was alone, with Cyrus still whiter against the trees and Molly silent with him.

Father had left again, immediately after supper, to look at the corn. This evening he would stand in the living room, three feet from the table, and say, "Look, mother, and you, Culver. See. Right here to this third button from the top, that's as high as the blades reach now. Oh, they're coming fine. Even the smallest ain't so small." Perhaps he would vary it just a little, one button up, another stalk surpassing yesterday's in rarity and luxuriousness, and then mother would say, "Harry, I do need wood for the stove to-morrow, and could you fix

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those shelves? I really don't see how I can carry on another day, and that with all you able-bodied men around." Here, too, there was possibility for variation, but not much. Then father would be silent, and mother would show no evidence of appreciation for tall corn, and would only huddle a little more over her sewing. Then father would say, "All right," and demand the newspaper at once.

And all the time father spoke about the corn the night would be glossily black behind the panes and the owl in the spruces would be hooting, and no one but Culver seemed to wonder about the darkness in the cornfield. He did not like it. He did not like this at all. Why should he be aware of the darkness all the time, while his father wanted them all to ask about the corn, and his mother was unconcerned? Then he would sit down and read about an aged woman killed by a non-stop driver, about yesterday's boatrace, about a cure for ringworm, until he felt composed again to do other things. Why should be bother? Clif and Louise, excited with father, asked questions, exclaimed, measured and remembered last year's corn. And all that time he would wonder about the darkness and the owl's hooting.

There was nothing to do now. Water gurgled in the kitchen and kettles clattered, people sang and shouted from passing cars, and the cows grazed and grazed, hungry after milking. He whistled for the dog, but the cat came, rubbed a purring head against his knees and stared at the orchard, where gophers were. "Nice kitty," he said. "Nice, nice, nice," until the cat crawled through the fence and looked back once with large, incomprehensible eyes. He rose.

He would walk to the corn and see its tallness. There were buds in the catalpas, and by the fences the raspberries grew plumper. "I could sing, I could sing, I could sing," he sang, but stopped when he saw the chickens in the parsley bed. He swore and threw sticks, and they cackled off, blatantly frightened. He whistled then, and listened to the voices of the Nelson boys, who shouted about cows behind the catalpas. Each young bull on his chain lifted velvet eyes, and they passed long, blue tongues up their noses and waited. Each one he tapped fondly rude on the head. The last, October, passed a hot, rough tongue all along his arm and jerked at his chain to follow him. Vesper sparrows sang, and he whistled again, noting the light through the tree rows and swift flies.

Culver was tall, and sun-red. The sun played along the hairs on his arms, and the five bulls stood still and stared at him. With Clif and Louise gone, the evening would be long and still, and he could sit alone in the grass till the very last light was darkened from the west. The Durban train came then, grinding tiredly behind its engine, then Nelsons' lights would gleam from their front room and Clara at the piano would start, "In the gloaming," her voice too fast for the groping on the piano, and he would rise because there would be very little else to do. So the evening would come and go. Then the prospects for the morning would loom so meagre, so monotonously meagre, that he would read a book to make the most of the day that was left. Culver was the silent one of the family, the stubborn one, his mother had told her sister; the bright one, his father had said to the insurance agent; a peach, Louise would say a hundred times because he did not bother her; and Clif would go morning after morning to look at the skunk traps, thinking, "What's a guy like that much good for on a farm anyway?" Of course Clif would think that, levelling a gun at a woodchuck, while he, Culver, walked away because he did not want to see the animal rise and tumble, no matter how much of the lettuce had been destroyed. And he would walk in the rain and get thoroughly wet. That bothered all of them. In fact, it hurt them. He laughed derisively, at the thought of Clif.

He walked on. The cows lifted slow heads and marvelled at him with wide eyes, spinning long strings of saliva. Their moist lips moved and moved, and the evening had come like dusk to their eyes. He could not bear to look at those eyes long in such a light. From beyond some border which never could be passed, they stared. They were always on thresholds of things solemn, nearly terrific and full of melancholy. "Peace, peace, peace, terrific peace," he muttered. Too much to bear and to whistle, "I love you so much, I can't conceal it," and all that, so he was silent and walked past them till he could hear their lips no longer.

Past the oats was the corn. Then he recalled that his father would be there. The corn, his father's corn, his father always in the corn, with blades reaching nearly to his shoulders. "Just look, moth-

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er, look Culver." No, he decided he would walk around and avoid his father. Could one worship corn and lie in it, worshipping, till night was over one, and then rise full of ecstasy? "What drivel, what soft stuff," he growled, and kicked the dead mullein stalks of last year.

"Culver! Culver!" his mother called from the windmill. He turned around and waited, but she looked the other way, and he did not consider the matter important enough to let her know where he was. She wanted one of her endless pails of water pumped, and no doubt she had seen Cyrus without a saddle in the pasture. "Culver! Culver!" she ended waningly, and he went on, and saw that the flowerbuds of the catalpas would soon burst, and that the raspberries ripened along the fence. Then everything was silent and came to a pause. Everything paused. He ceased his walking. Even sound hovered for a while, spent, holding its breath, as it were, before sudden outcries.

Then sound came, with the laughter of a woman beyond the corn. There were three peals of laughter and then a wind ruffled the corn, and all the blue-green sheen shuddered and wavered and flagged until the wind was past, and hollowing the oats. He walked between the rows of corn near the catalpa row. The corn tips fingered his ankles, his legs, his thighs and even his hips. Small animals scampered from the catalpas and birds twittered, already on the wing when he saw them. Bull Selkirk had said, past his three huge, yellow teeth, "Hell, guy, no fellow can withstand a healthy woman, I don't care how old he is." That past those yellow teeth from which the pipe drizzled had had little of truth then or significance, but he remembered it, because the laughter came again, low, healthy, past the corn.

He had reached the end of the corn where the catalpas merged with tangles of sumachs and cottonwoods. He stood still, his lips curved, his mouth open. Then he stepped back among the sumachs. Sound of voices came, and laughter. His father was there with Nan Nelson, leaning over the fence, where the creek slowed through a shallow. She laughed again, and his father's voice muttered. He stood taut, without emotion and without thought. "So tall the corn, mother, so tall, Culver. So." That brought thought, but wildly and without aim. What right had he to look at this? He grew violently angry. He stripped the large catalpa leaves from a branch and dropped them on his feet.

His father was climbing over the fence, and Nan laughed, pulling at his legs and shouting, "Now watch, watch out, you'll tear; watch." Then he brushed himself and she brushed him and then came laughter again. A bluejay scolded from the cottonwoods. "Shut, you," he hissed, and watched as the two walked arm in arm along the creek to a clump of elms. There they sat down on the bank of the creek, muttering and laughing. He still tore the catalpa leaves and stared open-mouthed, the sun glistening his teeth.

Suddenly, he crouched and ran toward the house, and when he knew the hill slope hid him he straightened and ran on. Thoughts would not come connectedly and with order. Nan Nelson past tall corn, look mother. Look, Culver, nearly to my shoulder. Nan Nelson, who had left her husband and had come home again to reign over the Nelson brood, with Mrs. Nelson browned with cancer. Tall, tall corn, so tall. Nan full of laughing, full of bold blue eyes and loud words, with a cast-off man somewhere. But tall grows the corn, tall, right to your shoulder, Culver. That was the tall corn he liked, he boasted over. And Louise, so tall and so tall it was last year, remember, father, and Clif cleaning his gun, and mother insistent over nails and boards, and I don't know how I can go on another day without them. All you able-bodied men. All you.

Then he suddenly slackened his pace. How could he face her and tell her? "All you able-bodied men," he shouted at the bulls, "get you to the corn. Get you to the corn." The bulls jerked at their chains and stumbled back on frantic legs. He tapped the head of the last one, who lowered his head to charge him, impotently wild on his short chain. "You able-bodied man," he shouted to him, and the bull circled violently around the stake and snorted. He laughed again and walked on. His palate felt hot and dry, and his throat was parched.

Then he saw his mother by the house, spreading the milk cloths on the grass. He hesitated and looked at her. Then he brushed his hair impatiently and very slowly he walked toward her. But his voice would not come, so he stooped to the cat and said, "Get them, get them kitty," pointing toward the orchard. The cat sat and stared and swung her tail twice. "Nice kitty," he said. "Nice."

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His mother had heard him and waited. When he straightened himself she said, "I need another pail of water, Culver. My back is too sore to pump more."

"Later," he said. "I'll get it later."

"No, now. You can get it now."

He grew impatient at the petulance in her voice. "No, later. Come along now and let's look at the corn. Come."

She shook her head, "Now?"

"Yes, now. Look at the sun; it's almost gone. Come, you want to see the corn."

She looked at the sun. The sunlight glinted in the broken blue of her eyes and when she shook her shoulders it moved orange gleams over her dress. "Why, I can see that some other time."

"Oh, you can come now." He hesitated. Why should she come, why? But then he grew afraid of himself. "Why must you always have excuses?"

"Always, always?" she scolded. "But my legs are too sore to walk that far. You know that, don't you? You know that I can hardly carry on through the day. You can't compare me to yourself. I've gone through too much for that."

"But come now, mother."

"All right."

She came along, holding on to his arm. She was going to stand in the corn, broken and pathetic compared with Nan, Nan red and loud with laughter. He hated the contrast, he who would not see a woodchuck killed, but she must see him, she should. "Is the corn tall?" she asked.

"Yes."

"It is such a nice evening, but this is really too far. There is so much to do in the house yet."

"Look, haven't the calves grown? Don't they look great?"

"Yes. That'll mean a lot of work canning all that meat. There is always work."

They walked on, past the calves. Their shadows grew very faint and long, and when he looked toward the west he saw that the sun was nearly gone. He must not think. When he thought, he would not go on, and he must. She should see Nan, Nan, the tall corn that came to his shoulder.

"But it is awful far," she complained.

"We can walk slower, if you wish."

"No. Any walking makes me tired."

"We are nearly there. Look, the catalpas are going to bloom."

"I must fix a rent in your father's jacket to-night. That can't wait."

"Do you see the corn, mother? Look."

"Yes, it does look nice, doesn't it?"

He stood still and listened. There was only the ruffling of the corn, and to the left sparrow calls. Corn leaves flagged against the evening red and voices came and shouted up and waned again. They stood still. There was no laughter. She slid her finger up and down a corn blade and lifted her eyes impatiently to a peremptory horn which sounded from the road. "What's that good for?" she grumbled. He stood very still and hesitated. The corn blade sound in cumulation was like the rushing away of many frightened people. The ground was soft and reeked earthy when he dug into it with the toe of his shoe.

"But, come along. There, past the catalpas, there it is highest. Come." He had driven the words out as if they had no particular goal, or no hearer. They were like the corn rustle, fugitive to unnamed places, fleeing from the impossible. He did not want her to come. But he took her arm and said again, "Come and see."

"But this is the corn. I see it."

"Yes, but come."

She came unwillingly and muttered. They skirted the corn rows and walked beneath the fringe of catalpas in benediction over them. Come, son, lead her on, lead her on, your mother to your father. He struck at low hanging leaves. Come, come to tall corn and laughter. He repeated the thought insistently. Everything was too lucid, everything was bathed in a hideous clarity with spectators watching and pointing. A nude light, he thought. A nude clarity and corn blades, the spectators, rustled and entered to something. They reached the end of the catalpas. "Really, Culver, I must get back."

There was the sound of voices now, but so soft they belonged to anything, to the whole muted evening. "Look," he said. "Look at the corn."

Then there came laughter. He stepped between his mother and the laughter. He pounded his fist impatiently on his left hand. "Look, isn't it tall?"

She stood still again and fingered the corn. The green slid through her yellow hand and whined a fine sound. He also took a blade and slid it through his fingers. It fluted thinly against Nan's laughter. "It is nice corn," she said.

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"Mother, you and father, and we all do have a decent time. We do, don't we?"

She looked suddenly away and then up in his eyes. "Why, yes. Why, how funny you speak. What makes you say such things?"

"Nothing. Nothing, just this evening. See. The quiet and all that." He waved his arm over the corn and to the budding catalpas. "Look how it's getting dark by the woods." And again when Nan's laughter came, "Look at the light."

She looked. "We are contented. We all are. I and your father and you too, of course. But Culver, I must go back. And I am tired."

"Yes, you must go back."

"It's getting damp. That won't do my legs any good."

"No."

They turned and walked away toward the house. Five cowbirds tumbled into the catalpas from a vague south and fluted short notes before they stirred. They whirled away again into the rustle of the corn, sagged in simultaneous flight, rose to a height, shouted and scampered back over their heads. The light passed away from places beneath trees and silhouetted Nelson's cows against orange, tall and mysterious. "This is such a walk. Where is your father?"

"I don't know."

"I must fix his jacket. I really can't lose so much time. And don't forget that pail of water, Culver." She leaned heavily upon his arm and held him back. The young bulls came forward to look at them. She looked at the house and said, "Anybody might get in the house with us all back there."

"Nobody will."

"No? You don't know. I can't just go off like that."

"No, you shouldn't. You are right."

"Why do you say that? You know I can't. Your father . . ."

He interrupted. "Why don't you stop complaining now? Why do you always go on like that, why always the same? What does it matter to you what father does? You always drone on about the same things." He shook her arm from his.

She stood still, rather helpless, her mouth open and her arms loose along her hips. Her lips moved impotently toward speech, but no words came. Then he was sorry. But he turned his eyes away and looked at Cyrus and Molly, quiet together by the fence. She still moved her lips and stood straight. "Why," she said. "Why?"

"I'm sorry. I'm so sorry." He scuffled his feet violently on the grass. "Really."

"Why, Culver, you should go out more. You should, like Clif and Louise. Aren't you young? Why, you think of the strangest things, the strangest things." She shook her head, kindly, defeated, wondering.

They walked again, aloofly near each other, and silent. The cat slid through the orchard and hens fretted on the roost. The house waited blandly white between the spruces, as if it were aware of their quarrel and tried to forget it before they noticed that it too was disturbed. "Listen, the owl starts already." The owl whined a twisting, wavering shriek which trembled off in thin shivers and merged with cricket sounds. The chimney smoked tiredly. Along the barn a faint echo repeated their footsteps on the stamped ground. "Listen to that owl."

They stood still and looked at the spruces where the owl sounded. Their faces were lifted and their eyes sought the blackness in the green, but saw nothing. She walked on ahead of him. "Here is the pail. Get water first now, will you? Don't wait, please."

He took the pail and walked to the pump. She slammed the screen-door and was lost in the blackness of the house. Darkness came rapidly and stirred up from everywhere. He pumped with fast, truculent motions, and listened to the water's plump burling into the pail. As he moved the pump handle up and down he repeated an inflectionless monody, "So tall, so tall, so tall," till the pail was full. Then he pressed his forehead against the cold steel of the windmill and waited thoughtlessly, letting all sound come to his ears, hundreds of strands of sound, which he tried to unravel separately. There was nothing to do, nothing to be said, nothing to feel. There could be no misery and pain. This all meant nothing. He had looked at something, at healthy laughter, red, strong flesh, tall corn, and it could mean nothing. There were no changes, only knowledge, which pained, but could not be remedied. He stooped and took the pail and carried it to the house. "Here's your water, mother." That is what life would do. An endless carrying of water, and the rest would go on

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with laughter, growth of corn and whispers. "The water, mother," he shouted.

She came to the door. "There, there on the porch. I want it there."

He put the water on the porch and waited. "That's all," she said. "Not that I myself haven't plenty to do. More than plenty." She moved into the house again. When he watched her motions, he turned his head. They seemed so impotently tired and useless, as if they only existed for themselves, tauntingly aloof and unnecessary. What should she know? Why? She would stir the fire again and stoop over her needle, more awkwardly desirous to go on, to brunt awful obstacles which always waited.

He walked to the front and stopped. The Durban train came and belched sound and creaked discords against the deep silence. Voices stirred. Then the light came from Nelsons' windows and the piano thumped. He listened. The piano tugged at the stillness and tumbled dull blocks of sound upon a floor of long, wide silence. Then Clara sang with a raw, girl's voice, gracelessly. He rose.

He would meet his father and say, "How was the corn? How tall?" And he would talk about the laughter by the fence and Nan's concern over his clothes and then about her laughter again. He would stand casually beside him, and say all that with a level voice, as if the matter were of no personal concern. He walked toward the back of the house.

Then he heard his father's footsteps on the hard clay by the barn. His mother stirred inside in the midst of busy sounds. He stopped, and bent over the poppies, black-red in the darkness. There was no scent and no movement. Only the footsteps came louder, then brushed through the pigweed and camomile, then paced softly on the grass. He straightened himself.

"Hullo, Culver. Looking for something?"

"No." He twisted his fingers deeply into his pockets. "No, just enjoying the night."

"It is a nice night. Wonderful."

"Yes." Then he turned his face and peered at the whiteness past the fence that was Cyrus.

"The corn is coming fine. Everything is coming fine."

"Yes." He saw the whiteness of Cyrus, moveless. "Yes, I must take a look at the corn to-morrow."

"Do, sure. Are you coming in?"

"No." He turned his back and leaned his arm on the gate. "I'll be in later."

The footsteps crunched off over the gravel, the door slammed and the kitchen floor creaked no longer. The piano thumped through katydid shouting, and Clara recapitulated noisily everything that was the Nelsons. Now he would stand by the table, three feet away, the eyes blinking beneath the unaccustomed light, measuring, urging, and she would stoop over the jacket rent and remember the kindling wood that had to be cut, and the clothes pole.

The whiteness of Cyrus moved. He drummed his hands palms down, fingers spread, on the top bar of the gate. "So much for that," he said. The horse moved on.

FIVE YEARS

By Katharine Shepard Hayden

A SPIRIT thing, scarce needing flesh at all—
Never to have its aura melt away—
As fair as rainbows in a waterfall,
Was our young love those first long days of May!
And then came passion, like the early spring—
Fragrance, and surging sap, and singing birds;
The warmth of limbs, and trembling lips that cling
So long, so sweet, together; love's brave words;
And then fruition, with its agony,
And virgin comeliness forever lost,
And love, so near to tears, grown rich in me,
And dulled in you, bewildered at its cost—
Its undreamed cost, of fading strength and pain,
And youth's own passing, not to come again!

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NEW PATHS FOR AMERICA. IV

Wanted—A New Political Deal

By Norman Thomas

There are no short-cuts—neither a patchwork plan nor a political dictatorship, be it soviet or fascist, will solve our ills.

All over the United States there is an uneasy sense of something wrong amounting at times almost to an old-fashioned conviction of sin. Men there are in plenty to weep over the American scene, some even to deplore their own part in it, but few there are to try to do anything effective about it. From bewailing the ethics of racketeering to the relief of the unemployed there is an immense amount of discussion and a wholly disproportionate minimum of action. We have discovered in our social woes a topic of conversation almost as ubiquitous as the weather—and we do about them almost as little as Mark Twain observed that men did about the weather! Why?

Part, I think the largest part, of the answer was suggested in Professor Beard's thoughtful article in the January SCRIBNER'S on "A Search for the Centre." What we need most of all is illumination and direction, an ethical standard to which we may repair and around which we may rally. Without it we flounder and shall continue to flounder sadly.

What makes Professor Beard's article the more significant is that it is a wholesome assertion of a much-neglected essential. There is among thoughtful men, not content with mere drift, an unsound hope in social salvation by some short cut in method. Thus, we shall be saved more or less painlessly by some plan plastered on the essential planlessness of the profit system, or by the competence of some dictatorship to replace our bungling political democracy, or—and far less painlessly—by the dramatic violence of revolution. Now, as I shall shortly argue, plans and effective organization to carry them out are enormously important, but they cannot take the place of purpose. Whatever the merits of this plan for guiding our national economy or that, of dictatorship or democracy, of war or peace, we shall not be saved either by dictatorship or democracy in war or in peace unless there is a common sense of direction, a general acceptance of desirable ends toward the achievement of which the "billion wild horses" of our civilization may be subdued and guided.

This point is worth emphasizing, because in my experience in America it is so generally missed. Over and over again in public meetings and private conversations is the hope expressed that somehow the best minds of business—wherever they are—may yet save us by some plan which will prevent economic waste and human suffering, but leave virtually untouched each man's right to own what all men need; that is, each man's right to his "own" coal mine or oil well or stocks or bonds and the profit on them. There was no great outcry against wild speculation in a boom market; there is great ethical indignation against the crime of depressing prices by selling short. The plan most Americans want will give everybody bread and disturb nobody's cake; restore economic individualism, but destroy no profitable mergers; permit us to sell to all nations and buy from none. It is not enough to point out the intellectual absurdities of this sort of desire; it is essential to call into being a social loyalty, a conviction of common good, clear-sighted and sharp enough to sweep them away and inspire men to action as in other days great ideals of loyalty to the social unity of church or state have spurred them into constructive achievement.

Again, men to-day who see clearly the faults of our democracy or pseudo-democracy find relief in a vague and uncritical faith in dictatorship. The obvious fact that dictatorship does not automatically settle any question of purpose, that historically dictatorships have been or have soon become more cruel, incompetent, corrupt and retrogressive than

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even our inadequate democracy, quite escapes them. Men who are far from being Communists find encouragement in the Soviet dictatorship and fail to see that what gives it significance is the great absorbing end of economic equality to which it has been directed. Men praise Mussolini for the "order" he has created in Italy without seeing that it has been set up at a complete sacrifice of liberty without solving any of the deep questions of true economic well-being.

Among the bitterly exploited and amazingly patient workers, not unnaturally, there are mutterings that nothing but violent revolution will save us. (Faith in violence or the acceptance of violence for some object or other is to-day not a peculiarity of the workers, but a curiously general phenomenon which so far flourishes vigorously alongside an ever-growing knowledge of the costs of wholesale violence.)

Now this is not the place to argue at length the whole subject of violence, but only to urge that violence of itself never has and never can set up a new way of life. At best, and then only in the hands of men with clear purpose in mind, it can merely sweep away old customs and institutions—too often the good with the evil—and destroy the power of the old to interfere with the growth of the new. Violence can never take the place of purpose or automatically evoke it out of some vast deeps in the souls of men. Violence of the oppressed may be a kind of "publicity for the under dog," a warning to the oppressor, an assertion of manhood against the last degradation of slavish submission. But never before was mere revolt so little likely to avail. The more specialized our economic order, the more intricate the relationships, the further are masses of men from the soil, the less possible is it to abolish the poverty and economic insecurity which our machinery makes wholly unnecessary by the simple act of revolt, without purpose and without plan. Actually it is doubtful whether men too weak and confused to organize their own party or their own unions effectively will effectively organize revolution. Certainly not since the invention of gunpowder have the masses been more disadvantaged in the appeal to violence. Rifles and barricades are poor symbols of revolt in the age of airplanes. Not right but the loyalty of air squadrons saved Machado's cruel and sordid dictatorship in Cuba and beat down the mutiny of the Chilean navy. At all events large-scale violence in America, while it is all too probable and while the primary blame for it will rest on a cruel and stupid system, of itself can never make unnecessary the search to which Professor Beard has directed our thoughts.

Here let me add that I see no automatic salvation in the blind working out of the class struggle, with or without violence. Of course, class struggle is a basic fact to be reckoned with and the solidarity of workers is in itself an ethical ideal. But it is an ethical ideal which continually needs to be interpreted and enforced. The tragic weakness of the American labor movement and the degree to which some unions have been tainted with the racketeering standards native to capitalism, and the ease with which union men think and act "practically" for a short-sighted group interest falling far short of true class solidarity, are proof enough that Professor Beard's challenge to us to search for a centre is not superfluous to the believer in the socialist doctrine that from exploited labor increasingly conscious of its historical function, the forces of a new social order must primarily be recruited.

If there are no short cuts of method, no sureties of salvation in technic to save us, certainly one must look on the great increase of discontent with qualified satisfaction. Discontent may be the beginning of wisdom; it is far from its end. Much American economic discontent is the last flare-up of an older capitalism, not a portent of the new co-operative society. It is the discontent of the little man against the big, the small store keeper, oil producer, and wheat farmer against the age of big mergers. The banner they would set up can never be the rallying point of a new age. Especially is this true because with this last flare-up of an earlier capitalism in a dying epoch usually go an ill-informed and narrow nationalism and a worse degree of racial prejudice. All of this ruinous combination of resentment at the new collectivism, nationalism, racial hate, and general economic illiteracy furnishes fine raw material in America for the alliance of industrialists with some clever demagogue to give us an American fascism. Drift in our country is drift to dictatorship rather than democracy, but to fascist rather than, or at least long prior to, communist dictatorship. And this is true irrespective of the other and more appalling fact that drift in America is drift to war and not peace.

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Against this drift only a rallying to new and worthier standards can save democracy or peace and give us that richness of life of which the material basis is abundantly at hand.

But I am convinced of what I suspect Professor Beard would not deny: that the search toward which he has brilliantly pointed the way cannot go on by itself. Our modest but determined effort to set up a new ethical and philosophical synthesis for society must be attended by boldness, intelligence and vigor in planning and in organizing to achieve a co-operative society. One reason men hold back from espousing the social ethics toward which they yearn is a fear that in a complex society the noblest ethics will not avail except as they can rapidly and progressively be applied. That means planning in line with our purpose for meeting such an appalling emergency as unemployment and for averting war. Between purpose and plan there is a continual interaction. A society convinced of the ethical principle that a social order so stupid or so cruel that it cannot give work to men owes them maintenance on other terms than the shameful dole of breadline and political relief will find ways now undiscovered because not honestly sought to lessen the misery of ten million American workers now unemployed. And in finding ways through unemployment insurance or indemnity, the shorter working-week, a great loan for making useful work by a frontal attack on our shameful housing, and the like, the ethical principle itself will stand out more clearly.

So it is with the more fundamental business of creating a social order in which the engineer can work for society as he now works for absentee owners—which Thorstein Veblen said would mean the real social revolution. Men will be bolder to embrace the ethics of a fellowship of free men when they realize that even in the crumbling of the old order there are examples of successful social ownership and production for use rather than profit to encourage us to go forward.

Finally, let me insist, in changing the American scene we must add to purpose and plan honest, open organization, economic and political, of like-minded men and women who seek the same goal. It would be an interesting dialectic task to determine whether our amazing political organization of men into two parties with but a single thought—how to get and hold office—is more the cause or the effect of our lack of direction and illumination. Our tragi-comedy of politics steadily promotes cynicism and distrust in political action, and by denying us the effective political fellowship of seekers renders our search futile. While "competent minds," distinguished and undistinguished, are divided between both major political parties (which belong not to them but to great business interests) and no party, social ethics will remain a thing for the armchair, the magazine or the platform. We who would change the American scene have not merely to lift a standard and prepare a programme; we have to put the power of organization behind it. That means more and better unions and a new political realignment along the basic dividing line of the difference in interest between an owning class and workers with hand and brain. In that fellowship is strength.

THE UNDERSTANDING HUSBAND

By Helene Mullins

"I'LL soon be gone from here," she said,
"Gone from this safe and tedious place
Where I've a shelter for my head,
But nothing for my spirit's grace."

She thought to see him flush, and start,
And put out a restraining hand,
And there was sickness at her heart,
Awaiting scowl and reprimand.

He only kept his head bent low,
Pretending that he had not heard;
For he knew she would never go,
He knew the frailty of her word.

She was not as she used to be,
A thistle blown by any wind.
Her eyes were sealed that used to see
Visions; her stormy blood was thinned.

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Warriors of the Campus

By Robert Wohlforth

The R. O. T. C. is under the critical eye of both friends of economy and foes of militarism. A West Point graduate here examines the ballyhoo surrounding the R. O. T. C. and inquires whether it really is what it claims to be.

WE are a peaceful nation. We have subscribed to the Pact of Paris and our national life has been directed in accordance with that pledge. Our standing army is smaller than that of other great nations. President Hoover and his predecessors have led the way in world disarmament. And yet in the past ten years, we have spent for our college Reserve Officers' Training Corps $106,000,000 to teach 1,000,000 students that war is important, just and inevitable; and to prepare them for it.

The opinion is sincerely held by a large portion of the country that the R. O. T. C. is not warlike in purpose; and that its prime functions are citizenship training, character building and physical training. This contention is held by many educators, all army officers and dozens of military-patriotic societies; but the facts fail to back it up. It is possible to concede the honesty of the supporters of the R. O. T. C. and yet realize that the practical results in terms of true national defense are negligible. But the molding of the minds of these thousands of students for war, the fixing of their attention not upon peace but upon armaments, can only be appreciated after full examination of the system.

The Reserve Officers' Training Corps as administered by the War Department to-day was formed under the provisions of the "National Defense" Acts of 1916 and 1920. Last year R. O. T. C. units were conducted in 313 schools and colleges, with 147,000 college students receiving training. In 159 of these institutions military training was completely compulsory for the first two years of attendance and took in 95,000 students. Over 1,700 instructors from the regular army used millions of dollars' equipment to mold these students into what our military leaders consider "good citizens."

It is the one educational sphere in which the military man can propagandize unhampered. For the R. O. T. C. makes it possible for the War Department to get its hands upon youths as young as fourteen; and when it gets them that young they are very apt to stay "military." Even when the R. O. T. C. student completes his military work and goes out into civil life, the War Department makes every effort to hang onto him. Not only does he get a commission as second lieutenant in the Reserve Corps, with the prospect of many two-week vacations at the taxpayer's expense, but if he shows any promise at all he makes the big national military fraternity, Scabbard and Blade. This organization's object, along with that of other military-patriotic societies, is to work for bigger and better R. O. T. C. units. And their efforts have brought results. At the University of Illinois over a million dollars' worth of military equipment is at the disposal of the R. O. T. C. students, and the campus on drill days has three times as many cadets as West Point. The R. O. T. C. is regarded as far more than an extra-curricular activity for the amusement of the students. Ohio State University, for example, recently offered fifty different courses in R. O. T. C. subjects and a student could acquire as high as sixteen credits toward graduation from them.

II

Small or lightly endowed institutions of learning have embraced the military with great enthusiasm, seeing in the outdoor activity of the R. O. T. C. a possible solution of the expensive college physical education problem.

These colleges discovered that if they secured one hundred students to take the R. O. T. C. training

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and if they guaranteed the government certain facilities, the War Department would provide an instructor, equipment, uniforms and limited subsistence for a military unit. This was often much simpler than wresting the same amount of money and equipment from reluctant State governments or small alumni associations. To get this Federal aid, many colleges made the military training compulsory, thus acquiring the requisite number of students to fulfil the requirements of the law. Of course, land-grant colleges (in general, State universities and agricultural colleges), since the Morrill Act of 1862, had provided limited military training of a sort for their students, but it was not until 1920 that they participated in the benefits of the R. O. T. C.

But for all of that the R. O. T. C. was in something of a slump after the War. Too many ex-service men were in college and they did not take to further drilling and rifle practice. From the students' viewpoint, any one who was willing to spend a good portion of his college years undergoing military training was not held in high esteem. Colleges were abandoning units right and left.

In November, 1922, Secretary of War Weeks called a "Conference on Training in Citizenship and National Defense." College authorities, army officers and educators were invited to hear the Secretary enunciate a new policy for the War Department—that of educator, trainer in citizenship and popularizer of war. Secretary Weeks lamented that the law prevented the R. O. T. C. from being superimposed upon the entire educational system of the country. He suggested recourse through indirect action: the R. O. T. C. would be popularized artificially if it could not be superimposed.

The first popularizing method employed on the campus was to play down the horrors of war training and the dullness of military drill. It was stressed to parents and educators that the R. O. T. C. was a physical trainer, a molder of character, and a fount of good citizenship. Military frills, furbelows, sham battles, and parades soon became the more important business of the R. O. T. C. It was not long before a college gathering was incomplete without a stirring military parade by the college unit. "R. O. T. C. Units Strut Stuff in Annual Review," "Cadets in Smart Parade Three Miles Long Thrill Thousands" ran the actual headlines.

This proved sound psychology. The War Department knew that a slow academic procession could not compete with the students in khaki, swinging along at a cadence of one hundred twenty-eight steps per minute and with, perhaps, a brass band to lead the formation. Class Day Exercises offered almost no competition to sham battles on the campus, replete with smoke bombs, tanks, and chattering machine guns. Students soon discovered where they would be noticed most and the R. O. T. C. units became proportionately popular.

It was when prizes, honors, and awards were established exclusively for the R. O. T. C. students that a whole new field was opened up for students ambitious for campus distinction. Not even a dignified senior could snub the fellow who won the Siwash honor saber and clanked it around at drill periods. Could the college get a "distinguished R. O. T. C. rating from the War Department?" It could if everybody on the campus got behind it and boosted. And when scholarships for proficiency in military "science" were announced, there were few students who did not take the R. O. T. C. seriously.

About 1925, a plan, first suggested by General H. L. Scott some years before to popularize the R. O. T. C., was exhumed and applied on a grand scale. The plan provided for a tie-up between the military and the most beautiful co-eds on the campus, a plan whereby the girls interested themselves in all college military activities, acted as sponsors and honorary colonels, smiled on the students engaged in drill and parades, and awarded them their prizes and honors.

In short, sex appeal hit the military full tilt at about this time and started to make things hum. As soon as the most beautiful co-eds in college appeared en masse as sponsors and honorary colonels out on the dusty drill fields with the R. O. T. C., the success of the units was assured.

The War Department apparently favored the tie-up with the co-eds, for the plan received enthusiastic co-operation from official army circles. Pictures and news notes of girl co-members of various R. O. T. C.'s appeared in many papers; one girl sponsor, Miss Louvae Crum of the Wichita University military unit, having her picture in papers in twenty-one States from coast to coast. Army officers, from the former Chief-of-Staff, General Charles Summerall, on down, appeared in these pictures with the girls. The captions under the pic-

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tures of the co-ed honorary colonels usually told the story. One of them, in the Schenectady, N. Y., *Gazette,* read:

"Oh, it's great to be a soldier when the officers are as nice looking as El Delle Johnson, 19-year-old Kansas girl. Miss Johnson has been made honorary colonel of the Kansas State Agricultural School R. O. T. C."

But being mere sponsors and honorary colonels and wearing gaudy uniforms soon became too tame for the modern co-eds. These potential mothers of the race, possessors of the gentle feminine heart which has cringed at war and longed for peace from time immemorial—these cultured young college girls wanted to take the military courses and become real soldiers themselves. That they actually entered the ranks of the R. O. T. C. and undertook military training is attested by Associated Press dispatches from several mid-western colleges similar to the following:

"Stillwater, Okla. Forty-nine co-eds at the Oklahoma Agricultural and Mechanical College have enrolled in the R. O. T. C. for military training. Rifle marksmanship, military tactics, and army ethics will be included in the course."

The biggest occasion of the year at college is no longer the senior prom or the junior reception, but the Grand Annual Military Ball. And these are not stiff and formal affairs, as the following item from the society columns of the Omaha *News-Bee* will show:

"Ruth Adell Baker was presented as honorary colonel of the University of Nebraska R. O. T. C. at the 20th Annual Military Ball held in the University Coliseum. . . . At 10 o'clock a voice announced Miss Ruth Baker had left the planet Mars in an airplane to be honorary colonel. Finally the roar of a motor could be heard. At 10.15 a blue monoplane taxied onto the stage and Miss Baker stepped out, to be greeted by John Trout, colonel of the R. O. T. C."

In more sophisticated colleges, particularly non-co-educational institutions, the War Department preserves the attractiveness of the military by making it possible to maintain polo teams. Princeton and Oregon State College, for instance, have polo teams, the nucleus of the mounts coming from government horses assigned to the R. O. T. C. unit. At Cornell there is polo on a grand scale. The Albany, N. Y., *Times-Union* stated:

"Twenty-five hundred students have been given instruction during the past ten years, and, according to Colonel Joseph Beacham, Commandant of the Cornell R. O. T. C., the school has become 'horse conscious.'"

In many colleges we find the military taking precedence over cultural activity. At Oklahoma Agricultural College, Creighton University, Penn State and Western Maryland, military courses provide eighteen credits toward graduation. North Georgia Agricultural College gives one-fifth of its catalogue pages to its R. O. T. C. Wyoming University gives its military courses eleven pages; its law courses seven. The R. O. T. C. consumes eight pages in the catalogue of the Missouri School of Mines; their Department of English must be satisfied with one and one-half.

But the catalogues go further than that. Clemson College proudly states that "It is military training more than any other single feature that gives Clemson's graduates an advantage which is an important factor in their future progress and success." Penn State, however, gives an all-time endorsement of military drill when it guarantees that its "R. O. T. C. graduates become the professional associates of the prominent men of the country."

III

Most people will conclude that the R. O. T. C.'s do no active harm, that they are simply a means for thousands of students to have a good time playing at soldiering; the most serious injury involved being that to the public's pocketbook. Unfortunately these military activities are not as harmless as they seem when we examine what the War Department is teaching the students.

A "citizenship" course is given the R. O. T. C. students, based on War Department Training Manual 2000-25, "prepared by the General Staff under the direction of the Secretary of War." The purpose of the pamphlet, it is stated, is to "recruit defenders of the institutions of our government in time of peace as well as in time of war." According to the manual, big corporations in America are excellent because "railroads, telegraph and telephone companies conduct their affairs to the benefit and profit of the nation." It won't do to challenge our institutions because "America is basically made and refuses to any the right to alter the plans, destroy the structure or rebuild it to their liking." Whatever else the citizen may do he must believe in private

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ownership because "property is the base of civilization." Also America's great wealth "has been distributed to the enrichment of her entire population." Socialism and communism are synonymous to the War Department and both are loathsome. But to pacifism comes almost equal abhorrence. "Pacifism is baneful," the pamphlet says. "It promotes distrust of country, debases the spirit of nationalism, is destructive of patriotism and co-operates with destructive forces for the overthrow of national institutions."

The "citizenship" course does not stop here. It makes a direct reference to education for peace by lumping all efforts for a broader international outlook under the heading of "Destructive Idealism." This is defined as "an attempt to undermine the nation from within," and it is "more serious than the threat of armed forces from without. An impractical and destructive idealism called internationalism is being propagated by certain foreign agitators and is being echoed and re-echoed by many of the nation's 'Intellectuals.' Its efforts are to combat the spirit of patriotism, to destroy the spirit of nationalism without which no people can long endure." In other words, any one who does not favor a world of huge armaments with the United States having the largest force of all is a "destructive idealist." The students are not permitted to question these teachings, for the pamphlet prescribes the "citizenship" course to be taught by the "didactic method, without discussion and without argument."

Army officer-instructors by military regulations command their students in the classroom as well as on the drill field, and impart these "citizenship" ideals. There is a further hold on the R. O. T. C. student if he is enrolled in a state university or land-grant college. For in these institutions the National Defense Act states that "military training when entered upon by any student, shall, as regards that student, be a prerequisite for graduation unless he is relieved of this obligation by regulations to be prescribed by the Secretary of War."

IV

But where is the real danger in this? Few students follow the army as a profession or even as a hobby. This is true, to the great disgust of the War Department. The claim that the R. O. T. C. is an important element in our national security is not proved. In 1930 the R. O. T. C. graduated 5,895 students, bringing the total number of Reserve Officers from this source since 1921 up to 40,000. But let Major General Amos A. Fries, Ret., staunch patriot and president of the newly formed R. O. T. C. Association, explain the significance of these figures. "Fully fifty per cent [of the 40,000 graduates]," he says, "have ceased to show any interest in their military fitness or have dropped out of the Reserves altogether." And he hints darkly that "something is radically wrong and immediate steps must be taken by all patriotic associations."

But there are numerous instances to show how deeply the ideals and "citizenship" training are rooted in the minds of students and graduates and how their thinking has been moulded. At Ohio State University, for instance, Donald Timerman, student pastor and Chaplain in the Reserve Corps, publicly declared himself against compulsory military training. The War Department teachings and ideals of "citizenship" had been so fully digested by the student body and by the graduates that the college R. O. T. C. Commandant, Colonel A. M. Shipp, asked for Mr. Timerman's discharge, the National R. O. T. C. Fraternity, Scabbard and Blade, presumed to call him a "traitor" and the alumni and undergraduate cadet corps stood behind these actions. So strong was the sentiment that an official Army Investigating Board was instituted to examine Mr. Timerman, and only after liberal groups protested this interference with free utterance were the proceedings stopped. Similar cases showing the fruits of the War Department's teachings can be cited at the Universities of Nebraska and Georgia, West Chester, Pa., Normal College, Oklahoma and Boston Universities and the Colorado School of Mines.

The results of the "citizenship" ideals and teachings of the War Department are not confined to academic circles. They have permeated the thinking and the actions of civilians as well. In Council Bluffs, Ia., to-day three students are denied admission to the local high schools because they refuse to attend the compulsory junior R. O. T. C. units in those schools. The School Board, backed by the sentiment of a large portion of this community, is strong enough to support this stand.

If we examine briefly the remaining claims of the R. O. T. C.—that it is good physical training and that it inculcates habits of obedience, loyalty and initiative—we find them as unsubstantiated as

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its claims of character-building and good "citizenship" training. No one can deny that the military drill of the R. O. T. C. gets a young fellow out into the open air and gives him physical activity. But the constant formalized repetitions of modern military drill with muskets can not compare with the benefits of scientific physical education which it has supplanted in so many of our colleges. If we want our students to have military drill, then we must expect them to acquire the mind-set that the drill gives them. Captain John H. Burns, Inf., U. S. A., explains what this mind-set is. He says: "Constant repetition of the item to be inculcated, unsupported by any reasons, will have an immense effect upon the suggestible, herd-minded human. An opinion, an idea, or a code acquired in this manner can become so firmly fixed that one who questions its essential rightness will be regarded as foolish, wicked or insane."

If the case for the R. O. T. C. is to stand on the basis of its true physical value to the students, its advocates must refute a member of their own order, the late Lt. Col. Herman J. Koehler, D.S.M., Master of the Sword at West Point and formerly in charge of physical training in officers' training camps at the beginning of the World War. After personally instructing 200,000 officers and enlisted men, Colonel Koehler delivered himself as follows: "The use of the musket as a means of physical development of any one, be he man or boy, is more than worthless. It is, in my opinion, positively injurious. I deny absolutely that military drill contains one feature which cannot be duplicated in every well-regulated gymnasium in the country today." The National Education Association and a host of other competent authorities agree with Colonel Koehler.

A mass of evidence can be marshalled against military drill inculcating obedience, loyalty, initiative or respect for law. The New Jersey Commission on Military Training in High Schools reported: "It is sometimes claimed that military training is the best agency for inculcating obedience. But if this claim is carefully considered, it will be found that obedience to military authority is generally unthinking . . . blind and superficial, not real." That distinguished West Pointer and American general, Robert E. Lee, was of the opinion that the discipline fitted to make soldiers was not best suited to qualify young men for the duties of a citizen. Theodore Roosevelt advised his son Ted against expecting to develop his capacity for leadership by attending a military school. "You would have less independence of character undergoing military training," he wrote, "and you would have less chance to develop the qualities . . . [of] individual initiative."

Thus the main claims of the R. O. T. C.—that it makes Reserve Officers, makes good citizens and is valuable as physical training and inculcator of obedience—stand on very precarious ground.

Yet the War Department has so popularized the R. O. T. C. in many colleges that it is "the most important activity on the campus." It has supplanted in most of these colleges more healthful and adaptive forms of physical education and gymnastics. The loss of time and money is of far less import to us than the training of our youth for war, teaching them to identify themselves with the military caste and to favor huge world and domestic armaments.

Many of our citizens have begun to realize these dangers, and in some quarters the R. O. T. C. has met with strong opposition. As this is being written 327 of our leading liberal educators have presented a petition to Congress asking that the War Department limit its activities in our schools and colleges to "solely military training for a military purpose." Ross A. Collins, Democrat of Mississippi, chairman of the House sub-committee on Military Affairs which controls the War Department appropriations, has declared that the R. O. T. C. should be taken out of our high schools entirely and made elective in all colleges and universities that maintain military units. Many peace societies and peace workers, of course, have given the R. O. T. C. considerable thought in recent years and have agitated for its reduction or abolishment.

But these are only preliminary steps in the elimination of the military idea from our educational system. The R. O. T. C. is too firmly rooted in our national life to be overthrown by a small liberal minority. For every educator that asks for its removal, there are two others who want it strengthened; for every peace organization that works against it, there are a dozen strong patriotic societies backing it; for every student who protests against it, a score will be drawn to it through its popularizing schemes. Brass bands, waving flags, free uniforms, polo ponies and the excitement of the sham battle are far stronger than the ideal of peace in our youth. It is a thousandfold more difficult to get rid of the military ideal than it is to establish it.

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LIFE IN THE UNITED STATES

Florida Interlude

By Sarah-Elizabeth Rodger

I HAVE heard that any person worth his salt is capable of a little madness, as well as great courage and great perseverance. I think that must be true of a country as well; certainly America, who fought wars for her freedom, who followed the trail to the West in covered wagons, who spread herself wide and steadfast on new lands, has at times listened to the call of a riotous imagination. Listened and answered.

We were one of the thousands of families who possessed lots in Florida, bought with a great deal of zest and hope in New York. Lots in Florida. . . . That was in 1925, when one's whole financial expectation, wrapped up in the most amazing dreams of what one would do when the final profit was taken and pocketed, could hang on a small, blocked-off scrap of land in a "development" with an exotic name. Florida was calling people from all parts of the nation, not only bohemians and fly-by-nights, but bankers and lawyers and college professors and perfectly respectable plumbers. In the end, I think the plumbers suffered the least. Supposing they had come to take possession of their squares of gravel along a boulevard that never materialized, and the squares became worthless, they could still put up shacks on them and practise the ancient and honorable trade of plumbing. Many of them did. Florida needed trades rather than investments.

In the fall of 1925 there was an ominous rumor that the bubble would burst. It was then the merest gentle rumble of thunder; nobody of an optimistic temperament really believed, while the sun was still shining, that it ever could or would rain. That was one of the miracles of the land boom; it was accepted as a permanent and inexhaustible gold mine for the whole country. Still, we thought it might be a pleasant winter's trip to go down and sell our lots, while, as my father grimly expressed it, the selling was good. We were Southerners and we liked to go South in the winter. Secretly, I am sure we all thought we would make a fortune from the lots. They were in a particularly colorful and, for Florida, a well-established development just outside Miami. This development had had an enormous amount of skilful advertising in New York, and every bit of it was designed to appeal strongly to one's imagination and sense of romance. On the tour down, in our large and comfortable family car, my younger sister, who was fourteen, and I, just turned sixteen, used to make up songs about it. The songs were about moonlight and palmetto trees and Spanish patios. We felt very light-hearted and adventurous; we knew we would be put in school when we got there, but we preferred not to face it yet.

Once through Delaware and well on the Atlantic seaboard route, we found we were following a marked trail in the company of hundreds of family caravans. Not covered wagons, but mud-splashed Fords draped with frying skillets and wadded blankets, sometimes with pieces of bedsteads and furniture strapped on in back. It looked like the exodus of refugees from a battleground, except that every one was smiling and planning how to spend the fortune which would certainly be made before spring. I remember one car in particular, which followed us all the way down. The people in it evidently camped out at night in the many tourist camps that had sprung up thickly along the route, camps proudly displaying misspelled signs that featured their running water and hot dogs. The family in the Ford was composed of a middle-aged couple who talked in shouts to each other, calling the attention of "Momma" and "Pa" at frequent intervals to darkies, cows, chickens, and other Fords on the way. Between them sat a sticky grandchild, and in the back of the car, their married daughter and son-in-law with several other sticky children. There was a pale little baby that the younger woman held in her arms most of the time. I don't think it understood the significance of the journey to the family fortunes; it cried in sickly little wails the whole way. We were not much surprised when the family dropped out at Jacksonville. In a day or so, by goodness knows what sieges of night driving, they caught up again in Palm Beach, but they were without the pale little baby, and their enthusiasm seemed petered out. The young mother sat stiffly upright in the creaking back seat with a thick black veil pinned grotesquely over her pink straw hat.

Miami was a bewildering sight that morning we arrived. Flagler Street, which my father and mother remembered as a sleepy village road, was a thoroughfare of ornate Moorish real-estate bazaars and exotic Spanish real-estate villas and heavy Italian real-estate palaces. Real estate, real estate, developments, developments—there was a Paradise Island ("Buy a lot on a marble boulevard, Lady, and make *your* million!"), a Coral Villas ("Come in and see genuine photos of the new Palatial Lots right next to schools,

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churches, and the deluxe Spanish pool . . ."), and any number of whole towns plotted on maps and in the prolific minds of the backers, but as yet unbuilt and even undug. In viewing these developments, I shall never forget the bitter disappointment Mathilde and I felt in seeing some sticks and string marking off lot after lot of sandy sterility. Perhaps, being children, we expected too much; certainly, being children, we had a need of the concrete and substantial. Seeing was believing.

In a day or so we looked up our old friends, the Deevers, who were staying at the Pancoast. Mathilde and I hadn't seen the Deever children, two girls our age and a small boy, since we had played in their playhouse next door in Kentucky. It was a beautiful playhouse, constructed by a faithful darky butler and Mr. Deever to look as much as possible like the big house, pillars and all. Mr. Deever would spend his spare time making furniture for it. We remembered his clever fingers and his big, booming laugh; nice, amiable, kind Mr. Deever. Mathilde and I stared very hard at him as we entered the palatial Deever suite in the Pancoast. We thought we would know him first, but we had no feeling of recognition for the thin, gray-haired man with the deep, worried frown and the sharp furrows on either side of his mouth. "Tony Deever!" cried my mother, and bit her lip before she could say what she was thinking. We all tried to remember that Mr. Deever had just made two and a half million dollars; he wasn't a person to feel sorry for.

The Deevers were glad to see us, I think. The Pancoast was filled with smartly dressed people about whom one knew little or nothing. Every State in the Union was represented, but it seemed to be every one's first visit. The prosperous old couples and stately old dowagers with young granddaughters, who used to sit in the rocking chairs overlooking the white sand and blue water, and who had chosen almost the same rocking chairs season after season, were conspicuously absent. The Pancoast, and all the other old hotels, were melting-pots for strangers, huge, noisy crowds of strangers. So the Deevers clung to us with a pathetic eagerness. Jane Deever and I went off, evading my sister Mathilde and her sister Frances, to talk secrets. I admired Jane because she had bobbed hair and was rouging her lips, while I was being kept more or less a child. Jane said her mother couldn't do a thing with her.

"Mama has to go out with father's friends all the time—because they're all investing in the new development, and mama says they're common, but she can't act like she knew it! Frances plays with some kids here most of the time, but I don't. I have a divine time—" She looked at me defiantly. "I know an actress that lives on the seventh floor, and she tells me all the styles months before they happen! And yesterday she introduced me to a scrumptious boy who sells real estate at Boca Raton, and he hasn't the least idea I'm fifteen—he thinks I'm nineteen at least. I've got a date with him to-morrow."

Later, I heard my mother and father talking about the Deevers. They said Mr. Deever was half-mad with worry, for fear "the bubble would burst" before he got out from under his new development. Mrs. Deever, who dressed in things my mother said she would never have dared step out the door with in Kentucky, was just marking time till they could pack up and go home and get some sleep and peace of mind. Both of them smoked too much and Mr. Deever drank too much. Mother said if there was ever a wretched woman in this world, it was Natalie Deever. I thought maybe that was why she wore those clothes, all too short and too bright and somehow wrong.

Soon we were settled in a tiny apartment, which was the best we could get, in Fort Dallas Park, considered an excellent residential section in Miami. We had two small bedrooms, bath, and sun porch, furnished, for the sum of four hundred fifty dollars a month. It was an extra twenty dollars to park the car out in the yard. The woman who kept this improvised apartment house, which was not really an apartment house at all, was small and neat and obviously a lady. She was a doctor's wife, from Iowa, the doctor being now engaged in the inevitable real-estate business. Mother commented to her one day on the appearance of some of the tenants. A look of real pain came over her face. "They come and go," she said, "and I just close my eyes." Afterwards, we found out that the doctor had lost every penny they had, and insisted on investing the rentals (they seemed huge, but they were perfectly in keeping with the rentals everywhere else and with the scale of living expenses prevalent in Miami at that time) in a certain development he had a childish belief would pull them out of the hole when the new boulevard was done. Little Mrs. Olmstead kept a cat and took Iowa newspapers, and closed her eyes. She had to. I used to hear her crying sometimes at night, through the thin, tawdry partition with the parrots painted on the wall, but she cried very softly and I learned to go to sleep regardless.

Mathilde and I saw all sorts of people we never would have seen at home. It used to worry mother, but my father said it couldn't hurt us if we kept the right sense of values. They were very young persons to be parents, and they attracted friends wherever they went. Some of the friends turned out badly, I am told, but they seemed charming at first to all of us. There was, in particular, a very smart youngish woman named Mrs. Van Orden, who had driven down with her car and Japanese chauffeur and was staying at the apartment house. She didn't seem to have much to do, and Mathilde and I were fascinated by her, her beautiful clothes and odd jewelry and her lively way of talking. We used to go to the beach with her and lie for hours on the sands while she talked about people she'd known in Paris and London and New York, and about cruises she'd taken and places she'd been. She loved girls, and once she told us she had four grown daughters of her own, all married. It was amazing, she looked so young. Later on, when Mathilde and I were put in school, just outside Miami on Biscayne Bay, she visited us once or twice and seemed sorry to leave. We liked her awfully, and I cannot think of her yet without a twinge of disillusion and regret. She left in the middle of the winter to evade the police. It seemed she had taken money from people for non-existent lots in a non-existent development. It didn't prevent her from being an excellent companion, and I found it hard to get used to the idea that a thief could be charming

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to know. Mother found out more about her later; it was true that she had been born in Boston, married in New York, and had four married daughters, all in the Social Register. She never saw them, and hadn't since they were babies, for she was divorced from her husband—that is, he had divorced her. She travelled all over the world, augmenting her small allowance in one way or another, a gay, well-preserved ex-patriate who had her face lifted in all the capitals of Europe. Miami knew a great many Mrs. Van Ordens.

One of the main problems that winter was to find somewhere to eat. All the restaurants were so crowded that there were often crowds lined up outside and down the block, waiting for a chance to pay an amazing amount of money for an amazingly bad dinner. The Y. W. C. A. had probably the most wholesome food in town, and it was the hardest to get into. A long line waited there every night for the doors to open at six o'clock. It was nearby and we often ate there. It was amusing to go early and listen to the people. "Zack and Minnie sold their lot for double and went back, and now Zack is raising money from the school board to come down here and invest, and Minnie writes she's bought a real big piany. I tell Tom the Palm Villas lots are the best to buy in town, just look at Zack!" This was a middle-western matron who was holding forth in the eager ears of a school teacher from Georgia, whose face was a constant and gleaming reflector of the joyful land boom that had released her from teaching. These were simple, ignorant people, living for the good luck of the day and looking no farther.

Later that winter there were other faces that told another story. For the ominous rumble was coming nearer, and more sophisticated minds realized that the magic inflation of values was doomed, like everything else, to lessen and shrivel and die out. After an hysterically gay Christmas and New Year's, the atmosphere of Miami in some subtle way grew soberer and quieter. There was an element of strain which held the city and the beach colony in a tense thrall. Nobody could explain it, and nobody would admit it, but it was there—a grim undercurrent of fear. Many packed up and left, many wanted to leave and did not dare, many sat around and thought business would "pick up." But the real-estate offices were less crowded, the stores sold less merchandise, and there was less of the gusty, back-slapping fellowship that had been a part of the Miami social system.

By this time Mathilde and I were in school, but affairs in school were a small mirror of affairs outside. Miss Hartwell's Winter Seminary, designed especially for children of winter tourists and supposed to be the most exclusive school in Miami, was a social cross-section by itself. From the beginning of the boom, Miss Hartwell's face had borne a worried look; you could see she was fretting about morale. Miss Hartwell had come down from Boston several years ago to found a school along the lines of the good New England preparatory and finishing schools which would take care of the young winter visitors. The idea was that you could go for a few months, in season, to Miss Hartwell's, and step right back into your class at home without missing a single history date or Latin verb. This was the greatest boon to parents, and an additional attraction was that the children would meet only the most select other children, since Miss Hartwell's stood for the highest standards in snobbery as well as curriculum.

When the land boom, with its shifting values and shifting people, swept over Miami, Miss Hartwell found herself much embarrassed. A great many of the visitors who came year after year and were properly vouched for, stayed away from the melting-pot this season. They were afraid of the new Miami. But Miss Hartwell had to fill her school.

My class included a few survivals of the old winter visitors: a few wealthy Jews; the hungry-looking twin daughters of a brilliant educator who had come down to help found Miami University and had lost a small fortune in an orange grove; a clever little granddaughter of a distinguished statesman who had run for President and built a beautiful winter home outside Miami, among his many accomplishments; the pert child of a successful bootlegger who was to ply his trade a little way down the coast; my suddenly-grown-up friend, Jane Deever, who caused me great bewilderment as well as pangs of envy; and several changing groups of girls who studied with us a few weeks, mysteriously left, and gave their places to new groups of girls who did not stay long enough for us to get to know them very well. There were a few native Miamians too, who were day students and kept to themselves.

Our teachers were often distraught, and I found later that even the most conservative ones, imported from New England, could not keep their fingers from dabbling in real estate. Miss Hartwell herself owned acres of shore-front along the bay. The shore-front depreciated, but Miss Hartwell must have put by enough from her school to go back and enjoy a long, cultural old age in Boston. She would seem more apropos in a Boston setting, certainly. We had classes in small green summer-houses, and to look out through the screens and see Miss Hartwell, in her neat skirt and shirtwaist, with a gold watch pinned on her bosom, and her graying hair piled high and held with a back comb, hurrying anxiously through the palmettoes and hibiscus to the main building, a pink Spanish-type villa, was a strange sight and left me uncertain whether to laugh or cry. I suspected Miss Hartwell of being a bewildered, unhappy woman. She did not mind the young Jewesses much, but she could not face the bootlegger's child without flushing scarlet.

Mathilde and I spent half our time at home, if the Miami apartment could be called home, and half at school. Our parents would call apologetically on a Friday afternoon and take us home for the week-end. I think they would get to missing us, among their new friends, who were here to-day and gone to-morrow, and they would feel a sudden need of their two reminders that they were parents and substantial citizens of a country that could not possibly be as crazy as she seemed. They made a gallant effort to keep up the customs we observed up North. We were taken to church every Sunday, for one thing. The churches in Miami, oddly enough, flourished with the boom. People that did not look as though they ever entered a church, and probably never did at home, attended the Miami places of worship in hordes. The hymns were sung lustily, the collection plate was heavily burdened; it was as if Miami were placating God.

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There was a small park with bandstand along by the water-front, and here the Salvation Army sponsored regular church services. It drew the largest crowd of all, and the most enthusiastic singing. Now and then, in the stress of emotion, some woman would begin to cry. I remember one Sunday, late in the winter when people began to be afraid, when a large, red-faced woman who had been crying bitterly with the homesickness that familiar hymns seemed to induce, suddenly stood up in the midst of a prayer and jammed her hat on her head. "I'm going straight home to-morrow," she announced to the congregation and to her small, terrified husband, "and you'll come too, Joe Mooney, or the Lord will punish you!" With which she sailed up the aisle and down the street, and the husband followed her. Every one was perfectly quiet a moment, and the preacher finished the prayer; then several homesick women began to cry all at once, and a hymn had to be assigned hastily to cover up the confusion. That was only a week before a Miami bank failed and thousands of small profits were swept away.

Miss Hartwell's was buzzing with the bank failure the day it was announced in the morning paper. The two daughters of the president and the small son (little boys were taken in the Primary Department) of the assistant manager did not come to school, so the school could talk freely. Terrible innuendos of graft and embezzlement were circulated at luncheon and recess. It was a sophisticated society at Miss Hartwell's and there was always gossip, more or less insinuating, about pupils and the families of pupils and the inner scandals of the real-estate world, in which we were all, in varying degrees, implicated. Miami rested on its real estate, and anything to do with the policies or shortcomings of the big developments was meat for discussion. As for a bank failure, that was sent from heaven to relieve the monotony of algebra.

Jane Deever did not join in with her usual enthusiasm. I wondered if she was feeling well, she sat apart with such a pensive look. I asked. "I'm all right," said Jane, "only I wonder if father's lost any more money." She put a faint emphasis on the 'more,' and she looked frightened and, for Jane, very humble and subdued. Later in the season there were other worried looks on the faces of pupils, from the primary to the senior class. Little girls, in the throes of fractions, were painfully conscious of unpaid tuition bills. Miss Hartwell was too well bred and too kind to embarrass a pupil, but the little girls knew. Children understand so much more than is suspected of them. It is at the same time their strength and their weakness.

There are beautiful things to remember of Miami—miles of white, fine sand rimming the blue bay and the blue-green ocean, orange and grapefruit groves with leaves stirring softly in a warm, light wind, paroquets shrieking as they fly from palmetto to palmetto the length of a wide green avenue, ships steaming up the quiet harbor, poinsettias blooming scarlet over walls, long white highways and boulevards—but beauty exploited loses a measure of what it is for what it strains to be. Miami, even to one very young, seemed a once-lovely thing that had been spoiled by marauders. What had been artless was now forced and artificial, having lost charm. Mathilde and I, that day we were taken from school and brought to town to pack for the journey North, decided that we were glad to go. We forgot the palms and the blueness and remembered the faces of worried people, the tawdry plottages with their highly colored, fictitious maps, the blare of portable gramophones in the real-estate offices along Flagler Street, the hot sun beating gracelessly on the tent colonies outside the town, where laborers and their families lived like the members of some semi-savage tribe, the dust and the noise and the strange, new standards of life and behavior. We remembered the pale little baby who had cried all the way down and died before it got to Miami; we remembered, with a sense of aptness of symbolism, that clean, pure water must be bought here, at fifty cents the jar.

We were called for one morning in February and told that we were going home. The lots had been sold for exactly what we paid for them, so there was nothing to keep us in Miami, but I had supposed we would finish out the winter. Mathilde and I got our things together silently, a little bewildered. We noticed mother had been crying.

Much later, we asked her what was the matter. She wouldn't tell us, but father did. "Tony Deever shot himself last night," he said. Mother began to cry again, in gasping little sobs.

"It's all so crazy and distorted here—like being in a madhouse—I can't bear it, I can't——"

Mother was not quite herself till Florida was far behind, and the bright roads of Virginia unwound like red ribbons before us. It was the road back to sanity, and we all felt strong and new and somehow healed of excitement, as if peace were being taken into us with the air we breathed. When we thought of it, we felt a terrible pity for the ones who stayed behind, defenseless against the storm that was brewing. We knew there would be panic and poverty and despair. Mathilde looked at me, as she sometimes does, with her deep hazel eyes quite round and solemn, and said that perhaps the little baby that died on the way was lucky, because, if it had lived, it might not ever get enough milk; and father said the baby died a pioneer, which was often easier than living as a pioneer. He said we must try to think of the Florida affair as a great national adventure, and whether the country won or lost, it was the spirit that counted, and the courage and hope which went to make it. We nodded, but we still remembered, as people do, all the things we most wanted to forget; and Mathilde said that America had better not have so many adventures. She was an older country now and ought to know what was what.

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STRAWS IN THE WIND

Significant notes in world affairs to-day

HAS JAPAN "COME OF AGE"? — — *By Upton Close*

THE lead-thread in the Pacific Asian tangle—to use an Oriental idiom—is the motivation of the Japanese people. Not of their continental army, which is actuated by the same false conceptions of the ease of settling issues with force and the nobility of carving national greatness which are possessed by all military machines, but of the Japanese nation at large—sixty-five million highly literate, newspaper-swayed, ultra-nationally conscious, over-sensitive people.

In underwriting the risk which their army's challenge to the world entails, the Japanese people are casting off restraints which, until now, have shaped the nation's history. An excited Japan is flouting her inhibitions, rising above her inferiority complexes. If the nation continues in this mind, the headlines about Asia and the anxiety of diplomats have only just begun.

Only those who through intimacy and study realize how deep is the hold of Chinese culture upon all Japanese, regardless of how "modernized," can understand the exaggeration of present Japanese recrimination of China, with which, let a Japanese but procure our address, our desk will be flooded. It is resentment inspired to greater bitterness and license of expression by lurking habits of conscience. It is something like the bitterness of the Russian against the Church, or the old-fashioned English-blooded Yankee against Great Britain. I am reminded by some of the pamphlets put out by Japanese writers and their hirelings of a war-time buddy. Bravest and most intelligent man on the front he was, but, back in his home town, extraordinarily tied to his widowed mother's apron-strings. Finally, his feeling that she stood in his way overwhelmed him. I never heard such bitter and exaggerated invective against a woman by a man as that which followed, and it was necessary to separate them for months.

China is the cultural mother of Japan. A consciousness on the part of the Japanese of having grown into superior physical strength does not immediately dissipate an inferiority complex from thirteen hundred years of awe and imitation. There is not a Japanese statesman who expatiates to-day on the viciousness of the Chinese mind but fills his treasure-house with Chinese art and poetry, not a Japanese commander who fires on Chinese cities but thrills at the thought of seeing Peking. Dr. Okakura, brother of that poet who gave us "The Book of Tea," lecturing in one of our New York museums the other day on Zen (the "military interpretation" of Buddhism), remarked that even in the vituperations of war time (he spoke more frankly than our diplomats) Japanese inveigh against the Chinese enemies in phrases coined by Chinese poets and philosophers.

But the majority of Japanese of to-day are determined to confess bondage to no one, politically or culturally. In reaction against their old respect for the Chinese they have built up a belief in moral and mental as well as physical superiority to an extent actually patterned on the racial arrogance of us Americans to other races. Time was, not long ago, when to address a Japanese in the Chinese language was to honor him with the implication of classical learning such as our fathers conveyed when they spoke in Latin. To-day a Japanese addressed in the Chinese language takes it as a fighting insult. One might more safely accost an East Side Irishman in Yiddish. The "accident" which overtook our American Consul Mr. Chamberlain in Mukden I have personally experienced—seen with my own eyes until one was closed in the course of the incident—during the Japanese occupation of Shantung.

Toward China, then, the Japanese have "come of age." They dislike themselves for still undestroyed vestiges of awe of her, and incite themselves to treat her after the usage established by highly civilized nations for the treatment of their "undeveloped" and disorganized neighbors. They are building up a very creditable simulation of the patronizing spirit we like to show toward the Mexicans and Haitians when our pride or irritation is not on the immediate surface.

In addition the Japanese cherish a peculiarly Oriental, inexpressible resentment against the Chinese for not having recognized and bowed before their recently attained strength and adulthood. In the Oriental family, the son grows up to assume the mastery of the household and the elder retires, content with his claim to respect and care. It is a basic maxim of Chinese philosophy, carried over into Japan, that new forces should not be challenged, but should be accommodated, and that the very making of room for them removes their aspect of intransigeance and eventually incorporates them into the social order, whereas it is hopeless and unreasonable opposition to such forces that places on them the tinge of aggrandizement and tyranny. "The Chinese knew fully that we had grown strong enough to take what we wished if we were not given what we needed," say Japanese. "They saw that we had the force to seize Manchuria. Why, then, did they compel us to do it? Why did they drive us to inflict open disaster upon them? The consequent disorder and suffering, and the disturbance of international relations are upon their heads!" And knowing that the neglect to compromise before potentially overwhelming force is not "Chinese," the Japanese look for Western instigation and influence at Mukden and Nanking.

This brings us to the second aspect of Japan's "coming of age": which relates to the Powers of the West. The martial spirit is the warp of Japanese life. In China the military hero never supplanted the patriarch in social importance and soldiers became, philosophically, the lowest strata of society. "One does-

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n't use good iron to make nails," is their proverb. But Japan was built out of a desperate two-thousand year struggle between invading conquerors and aborigines, and the heroic fighter became as necessary to society and therefore as honored as a Joshua or David in Israel, or the knight in mediæval Europe. At the dawn of Japanese history, about 600 A.D., the professional warrior in Japan had already made himself the patrician—had arrogated to his class all rights of fighting rulership and possession. Conditions in Japan were similar to those of the contemporaneous Britain.

Up to the time when our Western fighters and traders pushed into Pacific Asia, the martial spirit of the Japanese was almost entirely absorbed in completing the conquest of their own islands and in feudal wars. Now and again ambition inspired a buccaneering exploit against Korea, whence their dominant blood had come. But at the gates of their great and respected teacher of civilization, China, their ambition always wavered. Then came the spectacle of this awesome Middle Kingdom worried by Portuguese, English and Dutch adventurers and the conquest by the Spaniards of the southern continuation of their own island chain, dubbed "Philippines." Japan's greatest historical personality, Hideyoshi, "Monkey-face," had just welded the clans into a unified nation, over which the usurping Tokugawa established a dynasty. Alarmed at what was happening in neighboring waters he closed the islands to all foreign intercourse. For two centuries there was no great need of fighters. The effect upon the martial spirit was the same as that which the rising dynasties of Europe had on knighthood. Samurai were taught to taste tea and smell incense.

Then, in 1854, a Tokugawa ruler found Russians on his northern island and Commodore Perry's fleet in the bay on which stood his capital. Isolation was no longer possible. Up to this time Japan was surely the reverse of an "imperialistic" nation. Its population had been stabilized for two centuries at about twenty-five millions. It was entirely self-sufficient, but it had no power to stand up against the pushing, newly industrialized nations.

So Japan took England for example. There was hot-house industrialization, army and navy were built with foreign loans and trained by foreign instructors. A high birth-rate was encouraged —in the past eighty years the population has more than doubled. The commoners were admitted to the jealously guarded privilege of fighting, khaki and rifles replaced armor and swords, the samurai who resented this went the way of all deposed nobilities, universal education was made the preparatory ground for universal military training, and the martial spirit was spread through the entire population.

This remade Japan discovered she had to push out to maintain her new mode of life. She must have raw materials and markets for the factories which alone could support her doubling and redoubling population. The Western Powers were glad to have her check Russia. But beyond that she found a chilling cynosure in place of applause. A European coalition had forced Japan out of Manchuria after her war with China. John Hay's "Open Door" formula kept her within limits after her second war on Manchurian soil—that with Russia. The Powers at the Washington Conference, 1923, led by America, got her out of Shantung.

The Powers did not even want Japan to grow great by forestalling the Bolsheviks in Siberia. They were not enthusiastic over this rise of a Power from another race. The Powers, particularly after the World War, wanted stability. Like highly respectable citizens who have made their fortunes, they preferred lines to remain where they were drawn. There was no room for a new-comer. They had already dominated or come to agreements for sharing the "undeveloped" portions of the world as markets, and it was dangerous to allow changes in this delicate stability. After much staking of claims in China they had agreed, under America's initiative, that the best thing for all was to maintain Chinese sovereignty and the "Open Door."

Japan, now sedulously imitating the West, had to take these checks as part of her tutelage. The inner military faction of course never "accepted" them, but growled and bided its time. The "diplomatic faction," represented at its flower by Baron Shidehara, worked out under them a theory of national prosperity through neighborly good will rather than domination. Against protests at home which went to the length of assassinations, it played the "regular fellow" and signed all the covenants and "warless pacts," as the Japanese term them.

But the world business depression and the growing self-assertiveness of the Chinese rendered the good will policy at least temporarily fruitless so far as profit for Japan's millionaires and food for her millions were concerned. The military, always constitutionally free of political restraint, gambling on the difficulties overwhelming the Western Powers elsewhere, acted. When they found themselves backed by the newspapers and populace at home, able to overthrow their own government and make game of the protests of other governments, they went further and further. But a desperate obstacle, which military adventurers often forget to take into reckoning, arises in their path. Guarding four thousand miles of boundary, pacifying an area twice the size of Germany, is costly business. Could they get money in America or France? Without relief from the sixty-million-dollar-per-year adverse trade balance, with the dangerously low quarter-billion-dollar gold reserve still melting away, what sort of debacle might impend? And so they undertook yet more desperate measures against China to break the industry-killing boycott and collect needed revenues from their "enemies."

The future will show the end of such desperate measures. But a world, and particularly an America, faced with the conflicts and involvements predicated, must estimate the spirit which has come over Japan. Says Professor Masui in *The Japan Times* (Tokyo): "Japan thought she must always regard the opinions of other powers. . . . Finally she cast off the mental handicap placed upon her by the self-asserting nations of the West. . . . The Manchurian affair marks a new epoch in the spiritual life of this country. . . . In inflicting the blow on the Chinese forces our army . . . had moral sanction based on both self-interest and 'objective realities.' The Japanese nation came to size up the situation in the Far East, the power and inclination of the League of Nations, and the possible reactions of the world in general. In this respect Japan has come of age! A century has passed since the

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Washington Conference . . . when Japan submitted to the indignity of restoring to China what she had acquired. Her sense of racial isolation made her bow. . . . But what she learned of the conflicting interests of the White nations at Washington and other international conferences has emboldened her." We gather here that a nation "come of age" makes a mature and practical estimate of what it can "get away with" and sweeps aside with adult ruthlessness any interfering idealistic pledges. This conclusion might quite understandably be reached by a Japanese observer of the "White" Powers!

Of course, Japan has not entirely shaken off her "mental handicaps." While Japanese officials and business men furtively watch everything said and done abroad, and are deeply concerned if an American talks with a Korean revolutionist, while they feel that ironic diplomatic notes help to repay the slight in our immigration law, vestiges of inferiority complex great enough to be significant still remain. Further for an evaluation of the grown-up Japan it should be noted that a samurai dies rather than retreats, pulling the heavens down with him if he can; and that there are in Japan many persons (at present no few in jail) who bravely promulgate Leninism, many who uphold pacifism, many others who are capable of the expression of "Amanojaku," columnist of the greatest Japanese newspaper: "Japanese have been educated in the wrong ethics of glorifying bloody valor as heroic and despising tender sympathy as effeminate. It is this same ethics which has brought about the downfall of many a nation brave and strong: a nation upholding love eternally prospers because it makes no enemies."

But grant that Japan has "grown up." China, now, must stop relying for protection on the sentimentality and conflict of ambitions of the Western peoples and set out to build organization and power to protect herself—in adult fashion. Perhaps with China and Japan both "coming of age," and Russia growing to power in the offing, it becomes pertinent to ask how soon the United States may find it desirable also to come of age in Pacific policy, to reach an adult fixedness on just what it is we want in this bordering ocean—from now on the centre of world politics—and to set out with adult strength to procure that thing: whether it be adherence to existing treaties, the redrawing of the map and agreements, or a pursuance as bald as our neighbor's of "self-interest and objective realities."

HAIL HITLER!

By William C. White

He stepped from the elevator intc the almost deserted lobby of Hotel Kaiserhof in Berlin. The whiteness of his face and his swarthy moustache emphasized the severe black and white of his attire. He stood erect, his figure much slimmer than photographs show.

A three-year-old girl, yellow curls down her back, ran across the lobby to where he stood waiting for a friend. She extended her pudgy little arm in salute.

"Hail Hitler!" she said.

He returned the salute, unsmiling.

In khaki uniform he stood on a review platform at Harzburg. Rank after rank of men in uniform, their right arms raised in salute, marched by. Red, white, and black banners streamed past in what seemed to be an unbroken ribbon of silk.

"Hail Hitler!" the marchers roared and the little mountains of the Harz echoed "Hail!"

Unsmiling, he returned the salute.

Such is his manner when on exhibition. It does not desert him in private. He sat in his suite at the Kaiserhof, tense, his ability to relax long since lost. At first he seemed a trifle effeminate. A lock of black hair artfully shaded one side of his forehead. A great orator, he talked to a lone American journalist as one who had forgotten any other kind of speaking. He used all the gestures in the elocution manual.

"Only National Socialism, our party, can meet the problems of the day," he said. The table before him trembled. "You will see movements like ours arise the world over. *Absolutely!*"

A secretary sat near by, smiling but timid, awed at hearing the Articles of Faith mouthed by the messiah himself. Twenty thousand followers have the same expression on their faces as they return from hearing a two-hour speech by their saviour.

The phraseology is not sacrilegious. "Hail Hitler, our Saviour!" is the phrase used. In it lies the whole meaning of the National Socialist movement and of its contradictions. Hitler, who has a respectable list of miracles to his credit, including that of turning six friends into ten million followers, bows slightly at the compliment in the phrase —and believes it.

The spotlight which has made the National Socialist Party the centre of the German political stage in the past few weeks has not illuminated the meaning of the movement for the rest of the world. The meaning of the name itself is not clear. "German Fascism," which it is sometimes called, is only a tag and not an explanation. Even the men around Hitler are of little use in explaining the name. "Our party emphasizes German national qualities and Germany's right to existence as a free nation, not bound by any slave treaty," Hitler's secretary told me. "The movement is Socialist in that it plans a new relationship between capital and industry. And it is called National Socialism to distinguish it from that blight, Marxian Socialism." Such is a common, albeit not particularly clear explanation. Malicious people add that the use of the word "Socialist" is simply a "come-on" to attract German working men into a bourgeois movement.

So much for the name. Any comprehension of what the movement itself means rests on an understanding of what Hitler means to himself and of what he means to his followers.

The first requirement for a reformer or for a Moses who would lead his people out of bondage is that he take himself with astigmatic seriousness. Men of this type, sincere though they may be, must be possessed of a profound conceit, a terrifying self-assurance that they alone know the way to the light. From this derives an intolerance that will have nothing to do with any other programme or viewpoint.

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Couple these characteristics with genuine oratorical gifts, with the ability to see dimly and to describe vaguely the topography of the Promised Land, and with the sagacity to seize upon and to develop popular longings. Add to these a sense of the effectiveness of the theatrical and what have you? A husband suitable for Aimee Semple MacPherson, were that lady, for the nonce, single.

Hail Hitler!

These characteristics have been his strength and in them lies part of his weakness. Because of them his party has grown to be the largest in Germany. It does not yet choose to take any part in the Government. Yet Hitler, once dismissed with the epithet "fanatic," has a strength to-day which compels both Hindenburg and Bruening, too, to consult with him.

Here may be The Man of 1932.

He may be. This is the most decisive year in his life. But the qualities which have gained for him his position of to-day can turn him into the Tragedy of 1932.

His critics point out what they think are fatal weaknesses in him. They say that he is inconsistent, but inconsistencies have never been drawbacks to any faith. Without them theologians would be completely unoccupied. Because Hitler said one thing in 1926 and its reverse in 1932 may mean only that with age has come wisdom. Of course, these inconsistencies are sometimes confusing as when Hitler says "We shall declare the Communist Party illegal and wipe them out," and, five minutes later, his secretary said to me, "Hitler believes that we cannot shoot disease germs with a machine-gun—we shall permit Communism to go on but we shall educate the German people out of that way of thinking."

His critics charge him with having no concrete programme. That criticism is unimportant. Moses never offered his followers a detailed relief map of the Promised Land. It was enough to assure them that there was such a land. "And Hitler has no economic programme," the critics say. That, for his followers, also means little. No one who believes in heaven worries whether heaven maintains the gold standard or not.

Hitler's weaknesses, as he faces the opportunity of taking power in the next few months, lie in himself and in the character of the supporters behind him. It is easy to jeer at Herr Adolf, as infidels have always mocked the bearers of a new faith. Hitler is all the more open to it because he has forgotten the ancient theatrical adage, "Never believe your own publicity." But any group of ten million men and women cannot be laughed away. This group gives the best clew to Hitler's position and, since he must work through them, to his future.

For ten million German men and women Hitler is a symbol of another miracle, a second raising of Lazarus. Through the Hitler movement hopes long dead are revived and dreams which ten million and more have dreamt through cheerless years seem to be about to acquire the solidity of reality. It was another Teuton who said, a hundred years ago, "There will come a time when it shall be light and men will awaken from their lofty dreams. And they shall find the dreams still there and nothing gone but the sleep."

"Germany, awake!" is the call with which Hitler closes many of his speeches. It is the motto over the door of his headquarters in Munich.

Just as these dreams of the ten million are manifold and conflicting, so are those groups which follow the Leader. Founded on some particular and private point of discontent with the situation of Germany since the War, contradictory interests and divergent classes have read into the Hitler movement the possibility of realizing, through it, their own special dreams. For the discontented in Germany Hitler has become all things to all men. How could he have a unified specific programme?

United in discontent, if not desire, eager to cast off the throttling burden of the Versailles Treaty, his followers have one other thing in common. They are German, first and last and intensely so. Another group, the Communists, offer much that the Hitler movement offers—the end of the Treaty, the end of high interest rates—but here a Russian is the Prophet, Moscow the Mecca, and Germany, potentially, just another of the states in the Soviet Union.

With a thousand forms of discontent seeking a common centre, and with an intense nationalism, the movement called National Socialism was inevitable in Germany. Had there been no Hitler the movement would have had to create one.

But not even an experienced miracle-man can weld the divergent hopes of this group into more than a superficial unity. In the movement are small landowners, bankrupt through interest rates, who hope for a rigid control over banks and high prices for agricultural produce. Here are factory workers, leery of Muscovite promises, who hope for high wages and low prices for food. Here, too, are factory owners, supporting the movement because it is a possible antidote to Communism, hoping for low wages and not averse to some degree of inflation to help meet competitors in foreign markets. And here are proud, patriotic, bourgeois families, living on savings, eager for the end of the Versailles Treaty, but afraid of any currency inflation.

Here, too, are former army officers, for long years out of a job. They returned home in 1918 in defeat, but other German armies have come home without victory and the honor was no less. But these men found at home a Socialist republic which repaid them with distrust—and for fourteen years this class has had little part in the Government. These officers dream of the return of something like the glory that was once theirs—and with it, jobs. And here are middle class Germans, shop keepers and restaurant owners, honest souls weary of high taxes and sick of the excesses of German Socialism, of the graft and the uncontrolled salary grabs and scandals that have marked the recent history of municipal government in the German Republic. But this group knows the haughtiness of the old officer group and would like to see them play only a minor rôle in the new Government.

Here are many other groups from all classes who blame their personal misfortunes and the misfortunes of the Fatherland on the Jews, on France, on Christianity, on machinery, on the unwillingness of municipalities to issue their own currency, on the failure of the German people to recognize the virtues of vegetarianism and to eat sausage made from beets—and all would like to see something done about it.

Finally, there is behind the movement

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a large group of the generation that has come of age since the War. For them the miracle of the Resurrection means most. Of this group Remarque has written, "We are a generation that has lost its future. To where shall we turn on this road back?" The hopes of this younger generation are perhaps vague, but at least Hitler has given them back a future. In flying phrase he denies the pessimism of Remarque —"Your future is before you. Germany will again arise and cast off those things which bind her." These young men and women want nothing so much as action—they have waited long.

On this pyramid of ten million German dreams Hitler moves to power. He declares that The Day, announced so often before, will come in these next few months. This time The Day may be near at hand. But it is possible that the worst thing his most virulent enemy could wish for him is that he be permitted to realize his own dream. The Communists boldly say in fact, "The sooner Hitler comes to power, the sooner we shall be able to conquer Germany!"

In past months Hitler has had his choice of two policies—to join forces with the present Bruening régime or to stay out of power, and therefore avoid responsibility, as he has been doing.

In spite of having one hundred and eight followers in the Reichstag he has chosen not to share in the Government with any other party. His Reichstag group have dramatically shown their aloofness and scorn by stalking out, with military stride, from every session of that body although they have not objected to receiving pay for presumed attendance. "We will wait until we can take it all," has been his response to invitations to share in the Government. And it should be clear, from his character and teachings, why Hitler should refuse to co-operate with Bruening. To agree to co-operation after all Hitler has said about his unique knowledge of the only way to save Germany would be like ex-Senator Heflin signing a private Concordat with the Vatican.

It is likewise psychologically difficult for him to co-operate with groups out of power, a co-operation that might help to push over Bruening. In spite of the size of Hitler's party, he does not have a clear majority in Germany nor can he get it. The German voters are divided between the Communists, the Socialists, the National Socialists, and a large group of smaller parties. The Socialists and the smaller parties are losing heavily to-day to the two radical parties but they will still retain the balance of power. Yet Hitler finds it difficult to co-operate with any of these smaller groups. Much has been said about the so-called Nationalist Bloc, of the agreement between Hitler and Hugenberg, the leader of the National People's Party. That agreement was drawn up one day last October. Four days later Hitler failed to appear at an appointment with Hugenberg in Berlin and that poor old man might be waiting yet, for Hitler had temporarily changed his mind; he has changed it again, since then, and there is now a so-called understanding.

Yet, in staying out of any participation in the Government or away from any formal union with other parties, Hitler may have played well. He has waited until discontent has mounted through this long winter and until the votes for his party have reached a possible twelve or fifteen million. To-day the choice of a third policy may face him.

That is the choice of forming a complete National Socialist Government, all his very own. In the next few weeks or months, he may have that opportunity unless Bruening can steal a lot of Hitler's supporters by stealing a lot of Hitler's thunder. In spite of the increased number of votes gained by the National Socialists at every recent local election, the opportunity is not as inevitable as it may seem. Bruening will not surrender the reins to Hitler without exhausting every possible move to outmanœuvre him.

Another barrier in Hitler's path to power is the *Reichswehr,* the army, led by General Groener. Patriotic though the army may be, it has kept itself more or less aloof from active participation in politics and Bruening has respected this attitude. The army is not ready to deliver itself over to Hitler, to become an instrument for this former non-commissioned officer to manage and to provide jobs for a lot of his friends.

But even if the opportunity, long desired, is given to Hitler, his decision about going it alone is not a pleasant one to contemplate. Being a party in opposition is different from being a party in power. Problems that could once be solved in theory by oratory must then be partly solved by compromise. Moderation of principles is naturally to be expected from Hitler in power. But the danger to Hitler is not there. The real danger lies in the diverse hopes of his followers and in losing groups from his amorphous party through inability to realize their hopes. Another radical party is waiting to receive all those who are disgruntled with Hitler and Company, the Communists. Last summer a group of men from Hitler's most immediate circle left him saying, "Only in the Communist Party can our hopes be realized," and they joined the Communist group.

In power, Hitler faces another danger—of having his party stolen from him. There are those in the party, now rendering loud mouth service, who are patiently waiting for it to come to power before they begin to steal it. Hard-boiled army officers who have their own ideas of how Germany should be governed and who have their own opinion of Hitler's ability to govern now run around in brown shirts and yell "Hail! Hail!" But their ideas do not include playing second fiddle to Hitler, in power. There are industrialists who will be very glad to supply their own economic programme and who say, "Well, yes, too bad, but Hitler has done his work in organizing the party—" And if these remarks of mine sound like nonsense, think of Trotsky in Russia in 1918—and Trotsky in Turkish exile in 1932!

These things Hitler must consider. In the meantime he must avoid the very clever thunder-stealing tactics of Dr. Bruening. At the same time he must do something—a large group in his party are impatient for action and they have waited long. Beating Jews on Berlin streets, smashing shop windows in Jewish stores, and rioting with Communists are poor substitute pastimes while waiting for The Day and the power and prestige which it will bring.

In the meantime ten million follow. Thousands cheer and cry "Hail Hitler!" The volume of sound swells and echoes, and often shakes desks in the French Foreign Office. Unsmiling, Hitler acknowledges the salute. But it must be difficult to play a game in which the unity is only in the cheering section.

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GERMANY BETWEEN DESPAIR AND RESURRECTION

By S. McClatchie

"We have to-day a condition equivalent to a state of war of the first order; a state in which the entire credit structure of the world and our whole economic system is in imminent danger." These words were recently spoken by Secretary of the Treasury Dietrich to the German people.

The world economic crisis centres to-day in Germany. The front on which is being fought out the battle for victory over world depression lies along the Rhine. For German collapse would shake our financial system to its foundations. German recovery will be the sign for a rebound in all the markets of the world.

Compared to the black night of depression and despair in Germany, our own present economic difficulties are light indeed. Yet in spite of a crisis which bodes catastrophe, I have high faith in the ultimate recovery of the German people. For I have experienced at first hand throughout most of the post-War period the stuff of which they are made.

When, before leaving Harvard University for Europe in 1921, I mentioned to President Lowell my plan to spend a year in Germany, he shook his head. Why spend my time in a defeated country? The Germans were done for. Others whom I consulted were of the same opinion. Nevertheless I went—and stayed ten years.

I arrived by way of the Rhineland. The country swarmed with Allied troops, and I made little effort to come into contact with the German population. My dollar was worth eighty marks, and I soon discovered that I could live on the fat of the land. Fifteen marks would buy a chicken dinner, and forty a bottle of champagne. No one showed any inclination to overcharge on account of a foreign accent. Everybody was polite and accommodating. The towns were spick and span, and filled with historic interest.

For some weeks I wandered thus all over the Rhineland. And then I took a through train to Leipzig. This brought me at a bound into the heart of defeated, unoccupied and unknown Germany. Here, as the months went past, and as I made the acquaintance of the people, an utterly different view of the defeated race unrolled itself before me.

I took lodgings with a German family and ate at a private boarding-house. The latter was run by the wife of an ex-army-officer, and the food was served with courtly ceremonial. But when the ceremony was over you had the feeling that somehow the main point had been missed. Within a week or two I began to sense what slow starvation is like.

But I soon found that this was nothing compared to the fare of the great mass of the people. The grocery stores were almost as bare as Old Mother Hubbard's cupboard. Bread was still being rationed on cards, as in war-time. The scanty supply of watery milk was reserved for infants and invalids. Most of the population was subsisting on black bread, potatoes and lard, with thin slices of corned beef and sausage sandwiched in occasionally.

When I expressed astonishment at this state of affairs, I was assured that conditions were vastly better than they had been since 1916. I was told of the great "turnip-winter" of 1917–18, when everything really edible was sent to the soldiers at the front, and those at home had to fill their stomachs with yellow turnips and with black bread loaded with chaff and straw. I was told of relatives and acquaintances who had died of starvation and malnutrition during that awful winter. I was told of the paper clothing, and the wooden shoes—of the coal shortage and the bitter cold. I was told of the endless waiting lines at the stores, where people would stand for half a day in zero weather to get a herring. I was told of the stripping away of door knobs, faucets, church bells and brass buttons to make shells for the army. I was told of the black plague which swept over Germany in that last incredible winter of the War.

I was told of the continued starvation through 1919, due to the persistence of the English blockade long after the War. And finally I heard a hymn of praise for the good American Quakers who came in with food at this time, and saved the lives of starving thousands.

At the University of Leipzig I found listless, famished-looking youths sitting in old army uniforms in cold rooms listening to colorless lectures. In the streets I saw wagons being dragged about by human beings, because the horses had been turned over to the conquerors. All about me were hollow cheeks and dull, monotonous faces. As winter came on and the skies clouded and a pall of damp cold settled over the city, life became so gray and meaningless, that one wondered that the urge to live still burned in the hearts of this threadbare and defeated people.

Over the city of Leipzig broods the vast "Battle of the Nations Monument," which was dedicated before the War to the dead of all the nations whose armies had assembled here to defeat Napoleon a hundred years before. In this great monument choral concerts were held on Sunday afternoons. Here the soul of a nation seemed to rise in prayer through the massive vaults of stone. I shall never forget the scene which presented itself as the chorus intoned the hymn, "O Lord-God, make us free!"

When my year abroad was ended, I still did not leave Germany. I travelled widely, visiting and living in cities and towns in all parts of Germany. By way of occupation, I carried on continually the development of an invention which I had started to work out before leaving America. This work brought me into contact with all classes of people, more particularly with mechanics and manufacturers. Most of the time I had many mechanics working for me. In 1922 I married a Leipzig girl, and in 1923 we finally settled in Stuttgart, in southwestern Germany.

Shortly after, I left Germany for a trip to America. I went by way of England. My first act on landing there was to walk up to a lunch-counter and order a glass of milk. The deed seemed mo-

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mentous at the time. In Germany you would have had to rob a baby to get a drink of the precious stuff.

I had almost forgotten what a real grocery store looked like. The variety and profusion of food offered in the English stores seemed fabulous. The lively bustle of London was strange and fascinating. For two years I had been going about in cities almost devoid of motor traffic. Germany at the time had only one car to every five hundred inhabitants.

My return to America seemed like a trip to another world. The vast wealth of the land of the dollar appeared fantastic by contrast with Germany. Every American was earning more money every day than a German could make in a month.

Yet the luxury of carefree, thoughtless America also seemed strangely hollow. Life was tragic in Germany, but it was real and fascinating. After two months in the United States I hurried back.

Since 1923 I have made almost yearly trips between Germany and America, by way of England and France. It has been extraordinarily interesting to compare conditions in England and in Germany year by year. The two countries have a similar economic problem, in that both are heavily dependent upon industry and foreign trade for their existence. Germany started at the close of the War under enormous—apparently insuperable—handicaps. She had lost most of her liquid capital. The cream of her merchant marine and of her colonies had been turned over to England. She suffered from military occupation and from the loss of some of her most valuable mining districts. Above all, she had lost the War, and her standing and credit in the world were gone. In addition she was obligated to pay fantastic indemnity sums. On the other hand, England had won much of what Germany had lost. Her currency was stable, her credit good.

In spite of all this, Germany rose to her feet after the War, whereas England did not hold her own. We have here the contrast between an old nation, wearied with hundreds of years of empire-building and industrialization, and a young nation still fired with ambition. Chronic unemployment and the slow disintegration of the British Empire signalize the decline of England as a world-power. Germany and Russia seem to be rising to take her place. England lacks the youthfulness and resiliency to do what Germany and Russia have attempted, namely to modernize the machinery of production to meet increasing world competition.

The coming decades will perhaps witness a race for economic supremacy between Russia, Germany and the United States. At the moment, Russia is monopolizing the spotlight. But far too little prominence is given to the fact that the Russian experiment is but a synthesis of German ideas and American production methods. The Russian Communists took their doctrines bodily from the teachings of the German Karl Marx, and they freely acknowledge him as their prophet. The Russian machinery of production and transportation is being set up and watched over by American engineers. Germany may be said to be the father, and America the mother of the new order in Russia.

The difference between the two countries may be summed up in a phrase: Americans are geniuses in creating practical *things,* the Germans are geniuses in creating practical *ideas*. Each nation is in its particular realm supreme. No nation can compete with us in the production of motor-cars, radio equipment, and sound-films. The Germans are very far behind us industrially, and they acknowledge this by striving to copy our production methods. But in the realm of ideas and ideals we are usually naïve. Ford on his Peace Ship is a perfect example of a typical American hopelessly at sea in the realm of ideals. This is of course caricature, but even at its best our idealism is decidedly quixotic. On the other hand, the Germans are highly realistic in their thinking.

The basic difference between the two peoples finds its explanation in history. Americans have been engaged for three hundred years in the unimpeded exploitation of virginal natural resources. But within that span Germany has three times been crushingly rebuffed in her efforts to get ahead. The first rebuff was the Thirty Years War in the seventeenth century, which reduced the land almost to a wilderness, and set the German nation back a hundred years. The second great rebuff was brought by the Napoleonic Wars, which again made Germany the battle-ground of Europe, and gave the nation another immeasurable set-back. And the third rebuff was the late World War. The net effect of these rebuffs and trials has been to make the Germans a nation of highly realistic idealists.

The democratic individualism of the nineteenth century has been displaced in the course of the present century by big industry, big business and high finance. Yet the American worker still labors under the illusion that in some way or other the path to personal independence is still open to him. He is just beginning to awaken to the fact that he is apprenticed for life to an industrial system over which his vote on election day gives him no control. The way of individual escape from the big production machine is cut off by the fact that it is impossible for any single handworker, or even a small shop, to compete with the mass-production methods of big business.

In Germany the chance for individual independence is still much greater than it is in America. I have seen countless little back-yard shops in Germany which yield livelihoods to independent master workmen. This sort of back-yard and home industry passed out of the picture in America a generation ago. Yet in spite of actually far greater opportunity for individualism, the German workers have a highly realistic view of their place in society. Ninety-nine per cent of them realize that they are confined for life to the working-class or proletariat.

This proletariat is demanding a voice in the control of the machinery of production, it is demanding industrial democracy. The Socialist and Communist parties offer a programme of popular control of industry, and it is for these parties that the German workers vote. Even Hitler, the fire-eating nationalist whose sweeping electoral victories continue, marches under a red flag. His "National-Socialist" party stands for a programme of socialization midway between that of the Socialists and that of the Communists. These three groups are to-day the leading parties in Germany. They represent together a majority of the voters. All three

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are pledged to suppress capitalism and to establish industrial democracy.

The opening wedge of industrial democracy is the workers' council. In Socialistic Germany this institution is established by law. Every factory must have its *Arbeiterrat,* which corresponds to the Russian Factory-Soviet. These workers' councils decide matters of shop management which touch immediately the lives of the employees. Of course, these organizations are not allowed to interfere in the business management of the plant, but they nevertheless have a good deal to say about working conditions. German law also requires that a representative of the workers be included in the directorate of every manufacturing corporation.

In our simple faith in the democratic traditions of the past, America overlooks the inevitable consequences of present-day industrialization. Nowhere is this better exemplified than in the attempt we will make to enforce anti-trust legislation. The trust is the logical culmination of all our collective efforts to cheapen production and distribution, to avoid duplication of effort, and to forestall overproduction. Reasonable control and not repression of trusts should be our aim. Germany has no futile anti-trust legislation. The formation of these super-organizations is there fostered as an obvious necessity of the times in the struggle for lower costs and world markets.

The German also shows his moderation and common sense in the application of democracy to local government. As a result, Germany has no Bill Thompsons or Tammany Halls. There the mayor's job is a career. Young men study law and municipal government in the universities in preparation for this career. They usually take a doctor's degree. The city council chooses the mayor for the town from among such candidates. The man is expected to run municipal affairs as any large business would be conducted. These mayors get their preliminary experience in small towns, and gradually rise according to their capabilities to bigger jobs in larger towns and cities.

The judiciary is not subject to popular election in Germany, and the standards of this calling are therefore much higher than in America. The voters are also not called upon to decide individual questions of municipal management. There are no long ballots in Germany. The voters select competent men to represent them, and then leave it to these men to run the business. America obviously suffers from a vast overdose of political democracy, and from a lack of reasonable delegation of authority in municipal and state affairs.

In German industry "Americanization" has long been the order of the day. In matters of factory organization, production methods, automatic machinery, worker efficiency, distribution and advertising, Germany looks up to us as her tutor. In the realm of creating practical things we lead the whole world.

Wages in Germany are slightly less than one-third as high as in the United States. Yet in spite of this, the German manufacturer has in general not yet been able to produce more cheaply than the American. This is due primarily to three main factors. In the first place, the tempo of the German workman is considerably slower than that of the American. Hustle, bustle and rush are still foreign to the European spirit. In the second place, German factories are usually not nearly so well equipped or organized for mass production as American factories. This is due both to lack of capital and to inexperience. And in the third place, the European market is very restricted. Germany has only half as many inhabitants as the United States, and the per capita wealth is but a fraction of ours.

Germany leads the world in the production of optical instruments (including cameras and photographic supplies), toys, airplanes, dirigibles, and chemical products. But in almost all other lines of manufacture America is far ahead. A Ford coupé costs in Germany over $1,000, on account of freight and duty, yet there is no German car which offers equal value for this amount of money. In other words, the German automobile manufacturer, while paying seventy per cent lower wages, still has nearly one hundred per cent higher manufacturing costs. The German car competes successfully with the American in Germany only in the high-priced field beyond about $2,500.

The cost of living for the German workingman is about two-thirds as high as for the American. As his wage is one-third, his standard of living is about fifty per cent below the American standard. In spite of this, the German worker is in normal times quite as content as the American. He sings and jokes in the shop, and after working hours has a pleasant time with his friends in a tavern over a glass of beer. It never occurs to him that he needs a car. The railroad and the motor bus take him out into the country with his family on Sundays. His appreciation of the countryside is much deeper than that of the American.

Of course, times are to-day very far from normal. Germany is at the moment going through a fearful crisis. The percentage of unemployment there is about twice as high as in the United States. This is a terrible burden for so poor a country. As the financial reserve of German business is very slim, many concerns are facing bankruptcy. The long-suffering German patience is being very sorely tried, and an atmosphere of extreme pessimism reigns.

The German people with whom I have come in contact have all along admitted to me that what Germany most needs is a strong hand. I believe that the land is now at last headed for the inevitable dictatorship. Hitler is the most likely man for the job. Hitler's significance is misjudged by most outsiders who write about him. The man is so utterly Germanic that he is beyond the grasp of any one who does not intimately know the German people. If one of these days the news is flashed that Hitler has seized the reigns of power, you may take it that the youth of Germany is in the saddle, and that the land has taken another fresh grip on life.

In any case, I am a bull on Germany. A country which can pull through such crises as I have already witnessed there can pull through almost any situation. And this much is certain, that German ideas plus American production methods will make a lot of world history.

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AS I LIKE IT – *William Lyon Phelps*

In one of those poems of Browning which illustrate not the main currents of life, but the oddities, whimsicalities, and byways of the human heart, the poet describes and analyzes the particular affection that an individual may have for some one thing quite obscure, unnoticed by the crowd. "A Likeness" opens with a family in a dining-room, with a certain portrait on the wall ineffably precious to the man of the house; but his wife, congenial in most respects, sees nothing in it but a daub, and the guest-cousin ridicules both the picture and John's love for it; while John suffers as a religious mystic suffers from profanation.

In the second stanza we are taken to the sitting-room of a bachelor, where the apartment is crowded with the spoils of his youth, souvenirs of adventures in sport and gaieties. But once more, one portrait is queen of the place, beloved only by the owner—every visitor laughs at it, thus giving the possessor exquisite torture, akin to physical agony in a sensitive spot.

Finally a man who keeps the one picture he adores in a portfolio among fifty others to which he is indifferent, is showing the whole collection to a friend. Suddenly and surprisingly, for this is the first time such a thing has happened, the friend pauses at the secret prize.

"He stops me—*'Festina lente!'*
What's that sweet thing there, the etching?
How my waistcoat-strings want stretching,
How my cheeks grow red as tomatoes,
How my heart leaps! But hearts, after leaps, ache."

Browning has given us here a revelation of the peculiar affection that almost every cultivated person has for something precious to him alone; if one ventures to speak of this to acquaintances the almost invariable reply is "I never noticed that," or "I never heard of that," or mere polite wonder that so ordinary a thing can produce so extraordinary an effect.

But after innumerable experiences of this kind, perhaps on some one occasion the speaker sees in his friend's eyes a sunrise of joy—the delight of unexpected recognition—like meeting one you love in a remote and unexpected locality. "Why, that's just what I have always thought!"

Our emotions then are a queer mixture of the pleasure of confirmation and the pain of jealousy. We rejoice to have our own personal judgment ratified, but the object no longer belongs to us alone —our worship is no longer essential to it.

But I think the chief emotion is pure delight followed by the warmest intimacy, almost like love at first sight. One feels that this person belongs to one —one could travel around the world with him, one would always live in harmony with him; yet such mental and emotional kinship is based on what would seem to others, perhaps, a triviality.

This whimsy may deal with a work of art in poetry, drama, music, painting, architecture, sculpture; or it may relate to something so evanescent as athletic sport, or some remote geographical place, or a mere view.

For example: a boy might say, "Yes, I know Babe Ruth is the most prominent ball-player, but there is a man now playing third base on such and such a minor team, who *I* think is the greatest of all," his passionate partisanship being swollen by the obscurity of his god.

Or, "Yes, I know the view from the summit of the Rigi is generally admired, but there is another mountain, never starred in the guide-books, never alluded to by tourists, which to me provides the most magnificent view in the world." Imagine meeting a traveller who says, "Why, that's what I have always thought, and you are the first who has mentioned it." You grapple him to your soul with hooks of steel.

There is a passage in the Ninth Symphony which nearly every one seems to regard with no particular emotion, but which is the one phrase of instrumental music that affects me more than any other. It comes right after the ineffably lovely *Adagio molto e cantabile;* Beethoven himself possibly did not think it especially notable, for he gave it to the second violins. I had never met any one who was affected by that as I have been and am, until one day in the smoking-room of a trans-Atlantic liner, the conversation fell on music; I mentioned this passage, and a Harvard professor said he felt about it as I did. I have always regarded that man with intense affection.

Just as there are elective affinities between men and women, and tremendous friendships between men (I suspect that monks in mediæval monasteries had friendships compared with which our best college friendships are thin and pale), so there are authors who seem especially created to appeal to certain individuals. It requires no effort and certainly no peculiarity of taste to admire Shakespeare; it requires oddity not to admire him, which dislike was one of the many eccentricities of Tolstoi. But there are authors, some famous, some infamous, and some obscure, whose works appeal far more strongly to some than to others. Nothing perhaps seems more commonplace and obvious; but I don't mean merely more or less. I mean there are authors who affect us so profoundly that we suffer like physical pain when we hear them disparaged or ridiculed.

Thus, Mr. Santayana, for whose taste and judgment I have high respect, cannot endure the poetry of Browning; he would have been happier if Browning had never lived. Whereas I not only admire the genius and art of Browning, my whole life has been changed by him. For many years I have been a much happier man because of him. He has added enormously to my imponderable assets.

Elizabeth Barrett, before she had ever met Browning or had any thought of meeting him, said that whenever she read an adverse criticism of his work, she felt as if a lash had been laid upon her body.

Of all authors now living, I am the most deeply affected by J. M. Barrie. Gabriel Wells, the famous book-collector, declares it is his belief that of all

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contemporary writers of English, the three that stand the best chance of survival are Kipling, Barrie, and Shaw. I admire the works of all three; but my attitude toward the writings of Barrie is quite different, far more than admiration. He touches something in me that responds.

"Mon cœur est un luth suspendu;
Sitôt qu'on le touche, il résonne."

We know that Doctor Johnson never could read aloud a certain passage in *Dies Irae* without crying:

"Quaerens me sedisti lassus:
Redemisti, crucem passus:
Tantus labor non sit cassus."

Yet I suppose hundreds of thousands of intelligent men and women have read those verses without any particular emotion.

Now I am never astonished because certain critics see nothing at all in plays and books that give me a swollen heart; because I am well aware that these matters belong not to the field of knowledge but to taste; and there ought to be no disputing about tastes, though there is and plenty. Yet when Barrie's one-act play, "Barbara's Wedding," presented and acted by an excellent English company, appeared on the New York stage last autumn, its ironical reception by the drama critics distressed me in a way quite different from my feelings had they sneered at Shaw or Kipling. They called it a sentimental little comedy; to me it was a profound tragedy, most deeply affecting. When Barrie himself said in a London speech to the critics that he was "realistic" he spoke the truth to me; he is not sentimental, not whimsical, not wistful, not fantastic, to anything like the degree that he is realistic. His is the drama of ideas rather than of opinions; he deals not with passing fads and fashions, but with the eternal elements of the human heart. The questions and answers in his dialogues are the reverse of the expected; but the moment they are uttered, they are infallible.

In looking back over exactly fifty years of theatre-going, and asking myself what performances made the deepest and most lasting impression, I name:

1. The Passion Play at Oberammergau (1890).
2. Sarah Bernhardt in "La Tosca."
3. Edwin Booth in "Merchant of Venice."
4. Richard Mansfield in "Richard III."
5. Ernst von Possart in "Faust, Part I."
6. Henry Irving in "Louis XI."
7. Mrs. Patrick Campbell in Sudermann's "Magda."
8. Maude Adams in Barrie's "What Every Woman Knows."
9. Katharine Cornell & Co. in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street."
10. William Gillette, Helen Hayes, Louis Calvert in "Dear Brutus."
11. Walter Hampden in "Cyrano de Bergerac."
12. M. de Féraudy in "Les Affaires sont les Affaires."
13. Moscow Artistic Theatre Company in "The Cherry Orchard."
14. Neues and Kleines Theatre Company (Berlin) in Gorki's "Nachtasyl."
15. New Theatre Company (Winthrop Ames) in Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird."
16. N. Y. Theatre Guild in Ervine's "John Ferguson."
17. N. Y. Theatre Guild in Turgenev's "A Month in the Country."
18. Jed Harris's production of "Uncle Vanya."
19. New Theatre Company (Winthrop Ames) in Galsworthy's "Strife."
20. Granville-Barker's production of Shaw's "The Doctor's Dilemma."
21. Edith Wynne Mathison in "Everyman."

Among the new biographies, I especially commend "Mr. Gladstone," by Professor Walter P. Hall, of Princeton; although in the Preface he calls him "The foremost Englishman of the nineteenth century," the book is by no means undiluted panegyric. Gladstone's mistakes of judgment and of temperament are dealt with faithfully, but the final impression is one of grandeur—or why write the book? Best of all is that we see him as a person rather than as a personage, the fatal error of Osbert Burdett, which destroyed the value of his biography. The high seriousness of Gladstone's mind, his consuming religious passion, his supremacy as an orator, together with a formality that with him was natural, have blinded many (especially in an age like ours) to his humanity. Professor Hall's title, "M..." Gladstone, is well chosen. According to our author, only one person ever had the temerity to address him as "Gladstone," and that one was a noble lord—imagine any one calling him "Billy"!

Yet in the circle of his family he was charming. His marriage was most fortunate. Mrs. Gladstone was an absolute thoroughbred, a real Lady, if ever there was one. Her beautiful mind and character were tempered by an irresistible frivolity, a divine carelessness. The Prince of Wales (King Edward), who knew a Lady when he saw one, admired her profoundly; and Gladstone's political opponent, Lord Salisbury, rather cynical by nature, treated her with reverence.

One should reread, in connection with Mr. Hall's book, the invaluable "Mary Gladstone's Diary," admirably edited by Lucy Masterman. At three A.M., after an exciting session, Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone come running upstairs singing at the top of their voices "A ragamuffin husband and a rantipolling wife!"

Henry W. Nevinson's biography of Goethe, written especially for the centenary year (1932), is pertinent for any year. This is a thoroughly good book, giving a clear portrait of Goethe and containing admirable literary criticism. One can easily read it through at a sitting but one cannot easily forget it. Everything uninteresting must have been left out, for nothing uninteresting has been left in.

"Revaluations," a small volume containing addresses by G. K. Chesterton, Lascelles Abercrombie, Captain Liddell Hart, and others, is quite exciting. Here too, is a favorable estimate of Gladstone. Captain Liddell Hart's revaluation of Marshal Foch is destructive. If one has read Guedalla's "Wellington," one will have additional insight on the matter of defense and attack.

Professor Townsend Scudder, 3d, of Swarthmore, has done a fine piece of work in printing from manuscript the hitherto unpublished Letters of Jane Welsh Carlyle to Joseph Neuberg, one of the best friends the Carlyles ever had. These epistles cover the years 1848–1862, and in them Mrs. Carlyle seems to recover her youth.

I salute with joy a little volume "Mrs. Bell," by Mrs. E. S. Drown. Mrs. Bell, the daughter of Rufus Choate, both needed and deserved a Boswell. She was one of the most brilliant conversationalists, one of the most cultivated minds, one of the most charming women in American history. That will sound excessive only to those who did not have the honor of her friendship. Without any literary ambition, she cultivated the fine art of friendship. Every dinner that she attended was a success. I shall never forget her, because she made it easy to believe in those wonderful Parisian women of the eighteenth century for whom age had no terrors.

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An extremely interesting autobiography, which cannot at present be bought in a trade edition, is "Fifty Years as Master Mariner," 1835–1917, by the late Captain Christen Julius Klitgaard; his memoirs have been collected and printed in an attractive limited edition, by his son, Carl E. Klitgaard. This is a thoroughly readable book, and gives us not only an account of many stirring adventures on the seven seas, but quite unconsciously the portrait of a really beautiful character, combining masculine courage and resourcefulness, with almost tender consideration for others.

President Nicholas Murray Butler's new book, "Looking Forward," is a collection of addresses that I wish might be read by every intelligent American. President of the largest university in the world, in close intellectual contact with leading minds in Europe and in America, Doctor Butler would seem to have on his hands seven or eight important matters every minute. I have never seen him hurried or nervous or petulant or absent-minded. He is always cool, cheerful, serene. His influence as a Leader has grown steadily in range and impressiveness during the last fifteen years. His influence is growing because he is growing. "Looking Forward" is a challenge—what are we going to do about it?

As President Butler looks to the immediate future so Frederick Lewis Allen looks to the immediate past. Following the admirable example of Mark Sullivan's volumes, "Our Times," Mr. Allen gives the social and political history of America during the eleven years from 1919 to 1931. The advantage of this method is that every one who is able to read a serious book can remember as far back as 1919. In the old days when the average "History of England" closed its last chapter at a date seventy-five years preceding the publication of the book, and when the average "History of English Literature," published in 1890, stopped with Walter Scott, the reader or student felt (to say the least) a sense of incompleteness. Mark Sullivan suggests that we begin with NOW, and go back. The pace of the world has been so accelerated since the war that the things of 1919 already seem remote. The ephemeral nature of slogans should make us sceptical of the value of every new one. History used to be the sentimental story of wars; but we ought to regard wars as irrelevancies, as nuisances which interrupt history rather than make it.

An English book of cartoons and commentaries thereupon, similar in manner and style to Frederick Allen and Mark Sullivan, but with a much larger proportion of pictures, is "This Was England," by Alan Bott. Don't miss it.

I can now recommend the best BED BOOK that has appeared since Sir William Rothenstein's "Men and Memories." This is the autobiography of W. Graham Robertson, called "Life Was Worth Living." All persons except those marvellous exceptions who fall asleep the instant they are horizontal, should read in bed. The selection of a book for this purpose is important. I do not advise any one to follow the example of King Ahasuerus, and read *The Congressional Record,* because if one reads a book that is too dry, one cannot forget oneself; and the only chance to forget oneself in slumber is to forget oneself before slumber. On the other hand, one should not read anything connected with one's professional work or any book that is wildly exciting. The best bed books are entertaining biographies or autobiographies of a placid nature. Lincoln Steffens's autobiography should be read when one is fully alert and intends to remain so; it is too full of dynamite to read before sleep. Furthermore, although we now possess this powerful book in a cheaper form, the volume is too heavy to hold in wrists encircled with a nightgown. The mechanics of the bed book should be carefully considered; it must be fairly light in weight, with dull paper, and as big type as possible. "Life Was Worth Living" fills the prescription accurately. Mr. Robertson, an English artist, was intimately acquainted with Sarah Bernhardt, Henry Irving, Whistler, Burne-Jones, and innumerable others of the elect; he talks about them with ineffable charm. Sarah Bernhardt was as great a woman as actress; she had her picture taken in a coffin, because she had been informed, somewhat early in her career, that she was doomed to a speedy death from tuberculosis. Having the courage of a lion and the wisdom of a great psychologist, she made no attempt to run away from the thought of death; she knew the way to defeat it was to embrace it.

Venienti occurrite morbo!

Her indomitable spirit triumphed over anything and everything, because she was never afraid to face any thought that entered her mind. She *tried* to think of terrors, instead of trying not to think of them. And her life-long motto, engraved on her letter-paper, was worthy of Cyrano de Bergerac or D'Artagnan:

QUAND MEME!

Thirty years ago I was sitting in my house in Michigan when the post arrived bringing a new novel. It was "The Inn of the Silver Moon," by Herman Knickerbocker Vielé. I read the book from first word to last, without leaving my chair. Then I turned back to the first page and read the whole book again. This is the only time I have read a book through twice at one sitting. Therefore I welcome the new edition of this beguiling novel.

Along with it comes another reprint, equally pleasure-giving. This is "A Happy Boy," by Björnsterne Björnson. And when you have read this through —which won't take more than ninety minutes—read two other novels by the same man—"Synnövé Solbakken" and "The Fisher Maiden," which incidentally make a splendid preparation for a visit to Norway.

Booth Tarkington's new novel, "Mary's Neck," which has nothing to do with the anatomy of a woman, is full of entertainment and shrewd though affectionate satire.

Francis Brett Young's novel, "Mr. and Mrs. Pennington," is enjoying a deservedly big circulation. It is a good story well told—and the contrast between husband and wife is well emphasized. I am myself, however, not so hopeful of the future of this particular marriage as the author seems to be. Imagination is made realistic by memory.

One of the best drama critics in America is Richard Dana Skinner, who has a weekly article in that excellent periodical, *The Commonweal.* He has done well to collect his critical essays in a volume—"Our Changing Theatre," which every one interested will do well to buy.

And here are some thrillers: "The

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Fatal Five Minutes," by R. A. J. Walling: "Safe Custody," by Dornford Yates: "The Capital City Mystery," by J. H. Wallis: "The Murder of Christine Wilmerding," by W. B. M. Ferguson: "A Clue from the Stars," by Eden Phillpotts: "Top-Story Murder," by Anthony Berkeley: and last, but not least, "Murder at Arondale Farm," by John Hawk.

From Doctor L. L. Rice, of Clearwater, Fla.:

"In your recent review of Clara Clemens's volume I find the words: 'Now if one wants to know what kind of a man was Mark Twain, etc.'

"No doubt your secretary was responsible for the incorporation of the indefinite article. If so, may I courteously suggest that you remind her—I have had to remind my own secretary to this end—that many people are acutely sensitive to this particular violation of propriety? The use of 'wants' in place of 'wishes' may be sanctioned—as you assume by the use of it—but the confounding of the particular and the general, never, notwithstanding many writers use the indefinite article after 'sort' and 'kind.'

"Is not the point well taken?"

But it was not my secretary's fault; I do not dictate these articles. I tread the winepress alone. Thus it was my fault and I am grateful for the correction.

From the accomplished Frank J. Wilstach:

"When I was making my 'Dictionary of Similes' and ransacking literature, I came across the following by Coleridge, to wit: 'Ignorant as a bookseller.' Since that far-off day I have found many a justification for Coleridge's comparison. I recalled it just now looking through —— & —— catalogue, fall and winter 1931–32. In brief, you will discover that the ignorant bookseller in writing a description of the 'Letters of Sir Walter Raleigh' was unaware that the writer of the letter was our old friend, Sir Walter, professor of English at Oxford, and so, as you will see, has gone back to a biography of Elizabeth's Sir Walter, imagining he was the author of the Letters. Note also that the date of birth of the original Sir Walter is given as 1852,—a mistake of a mere 300 years to a day.

Item 224. *The Letters of Sir Walter Raleigh* (1879–1922). Sir Walter Raleigh was one of the most brilliant and heroic of the great men who adorned the reign of Elizabeth. He was born in 1852, at Hayes Manor. . . ."

Recent members of the Faery Queene Club. Miss Lois Lilley Howe, F. A. I. A., of Boston, has the unique distinction of having read the entire poem aloud to her sister, who was well over eighty years of age. It took nine months to finish reading the work and both ladies enjoyed it immensely. Miss Lucille Rowland of Phœnix, Ariz., also joins the club, having joyfully completed the reading; her qualifications are certified by A. F. Olney, Head of the Department of English, Phœnix Union High School. P. O. Powell, master and county deputy of Dallas, Ore., and graduate of the Yale Divinity School, 1890, also enters the club this month. Grace Warren Londrum, Dean of Women in the College of William and Mary, Virginia, a prominent member of the F. Q. Club, and a propagandist for Spenser, recently addressed a group of intelligent students in Norfolk "on the most widely praised of the least read English poets."

Frederic Lawrence Jones, a student at Kalamazoo College, has read the poem, and says he enjoyed it. And Elizabeth P. Elliott, who has been teaching for fifty years, writes from Nashville, Tenn.: "Have read many books, but of them all none have afforded more joy or left more satisfactory memories." And Lester David, of New York University, has not only read the whole poem (in six months) but has been inspired to make upon it a two-hour speech. Mrs. Samuel H. Wilson, of Leavenworth, Kansas, joins happily and triumphantly, in spite of the fact that she has recently broken her right arm, and is obliged to record her Spenserian victory in a sinister fashion. Incidentally, she, like Sir James Barrie, writes more legibly with the left hand than most people do with the other. And note also her fine use of the English language, which I commend to Americans:

"I broke my right arm recently and have not as yet *got* used to writing with my left hand."

I have been forced to call a halt on letters concerning the word *siblings*. But I wish to thank all who have written me on this theme. Letters have come from every part of the world, many of them from professional physicians. This proves the general interest in the correct usage of English and the wide circulation of SCRIBNER'S.

What's in a label? From the Foreword of Matthew Josephson's "Jean-Jacques Rousseau":

"even that beloved Victorian, John Morley."

From "Mr. Gladstone," by Walter P. Hall:

"Lord Morley, by temperament, sympathy, and scholarship, belongs to the eighteenth century. Gladstone was a Victorian."

BOOKS MENTIONED, WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

"Autobiography," by Lincoln Steffens. (New ed.) Harcourt, Brace. $3.75.
"Fifty Years as Master Mariner," by Captain Klitgaard. New York: Limited.
"Only Yesterday," by Frederick Lewis Allen. Harpers. $3.
"Mary Gladstone's Diary," ed. Lucy Masterman. Dutton. $3.
"Mr. Gladstone," by Walter Phelps Hall. Norton. $3.
"Letters of J. W. Carlyle to J. Neuberg," ed. T. Scudder. Oxford. $1.25.
"Goethe," by H. W. Nevinson. Harcourt, Brace. $2.75.
"Looking Forward," by Nicholas Murray Butler. Scribners. $3.
"This Was England," by Alan Bott. Illustrated. Doubleday, Doran. $3.50.
"Our Changing Theatre," by R. Dana Skinner. Dial. $3.
"Revaluations," by Chesterton and Others. Oxford. $2.50.
"Mrs. Bell," by Mrs. E. S. Drown. Houghton, Mifflin.
"Mary's Neck," by Booth Tarkington. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50.
"Mr. and Mrs. Pennington," by F. B. Young. Harpers. $2.50.
"A Clue from the Stars," by Eden Phillpotts. Macmillan. $2.
"Top-Story Murder," by Anthony Berkeley. Doubleday, Doran. $2.
"Safe Custody," by Dornford Yates. Minton, Balch. $2.
"The Fatal Five Minutes," by R. A. J. Walling. Morrow. $2.
"The Capital City Mystery." by J. H. Wallis. Dutton. $2.
"The Murder of Christine Wilmerding," by W. B. M. Ferguson. $2.
"Murder at Arondale Farm," by J. Hawk. Farrar & Rinehart. $2.
"The Inn of the Silver Moon," by H. K. Vielé. Duffield Green. $1.25.
"A Happy Boy," by B. Björnson. Macmillan. $2.
"Life Was Worth Living," by W. G. Robertson. Harpers. $5.

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A PORTRAIT OF BASCOM HAWKE *Continued from page* 198

When Bascom talked, you may be sure God listened: he preached magnificently, his gaunt face glowing from the pulpit, his rather high, enormously vibrant voice, husky with emotion. His prayers were fierce solicitations of God, so mad with fervor that his audiences felt uncomfortably they came close to blasphemy. But, unhappily, on occasions my uncle's mad eloquence grew too much for him: his voice, always too near the heart of passion, would burst in splinters, and he would fall violently forward across his lectern, his face covered by his great gaunt fingers, sobbing horribly.

This, in the Middle West, where his first church had been, does not go down so well—yet it may be successful if one weeps mellowly, joyfully—smiling bravely through the tears—at a lovely aisle processional of repentant sinners; but Bascom, who chose uncomfortable titles for his sermons, would be overcome by his powerful feelings on these occasions when his topic was "Potiphar's Wife," "Ruth, the Girl in the Corn," "The Whores of Babylon," "The Woman on the Roof," and so on.

His head was too deeply engaged with his conscience—he was in turn Episcopal, Presbyterian, Unitarian, searching through the whole roaring confusion of Protestantism for a body of doctrine with which he could agree. And, he was forever finding it, and later forever renouncing what he had found. At forty, the most liberal of Unitarians, the strains of agnosticism were piping madly through his sermons: he began to hint at his new faith in prose which he modelled on the mighty utterance of Carlyle, and in poetry, in what he deemed the manner of Matthew Arnold. His professional connection with the Unitarians, and indeed with the Baptists, Methodists, Holy Rollers, and Seventh Day Adventists, came to an abrupt ending after he read from his pulpit one morning a composition in verse entitled *The Agnostic,* which made up in concision what it lacked in melody, and which ended each stanza sadly, but very plainly, on this recurrence:

"I do not know:
It may be so."

Thus, when he was almost fifty Bascom Hawke stopped preaching in public. There was no question where he was going. He had his family's raging lust for property. He became a "conveyancer"; he acquired enough of the law of property to convey titles; but he began to buy pieces of land in the suburbs of Boston, and to build small cheap houses, using his own somewhat extraordinary designs to save the architect's fees and, wherever possible, doing such odd jobs as laying the foundations, installing the plumbing, and painting the structure.

He regarded the price of everything as exorbitant—his furious anguish over the wages of labor was marvellous to behold: it drove him raging home, where he stamped insanely upon the floors in his fury, declaring that the Italians, Irish, Belgians, Poles, Swiss, and Yankees—or whatever unfortunate race had been represented in the last bill of charges—were infamous scoundrels, foul and dishonest cutthroats, engaged in a conspiracy to empty both his purse and his cupboard. He called upon them the entire and plenteous artillery of his abuse, his high husky voice ascending to a scream until, his own powers failing him, there flashed in him for a moment remembrance of one mightier than he, the most terribly eloquent of all earth's thunderers—his obscene and gargantuan partner, John T. Brill; and lifting his shaking hands toward Heaven, he would invoke God and Brill at the same time.

Like others in his family seared with a terrible and minute memory of war and hunger, he fled before the skeleton spectre of poverty: he was of that race which expects to avert starvation by eating sparingly.

Therefore, he mended his own shoes and wore historic clothing; he fiercely sowed and reaped the produce of his stony garden, and contrived in countless other ways to thwart the forces of organized extortion.

The small houses that he—no, he did not build them!—he went through the agonies of monstrous childbirth to produce them, he licked, nursed, and fondled them into stunted growth, and he sold them on long, but profitable terms to small Irish, Jewish, Negro, Belgian, Italian and Greek laborers and tradesmen. And at the conclusion of a sale, or after receiving from one of these men the current payment, Uncle Bascom went homeward in a delirium of joy, shouting in a loud voice, to all who might be compelled to listen, the merits of the Jews, Belgians, Irish, Swiss or Greeks.

"Finest people in the world! No question about it!"—this last being his favorite exclamation in all moments of payment or conviction.

For when they paid, he loved them. Often on Sundays they would come to pay him tramping over the frozen ground or the packed snow through street after street of smutty gray-looking houses in the flat weary-looking suburb where he lived. To this dismal heath, therefore, they came, the swarthy children of a dozen races, clad in the hard and decent blacks in which the poor pay debts and go to funerals. They would advance across the barren lands, the harsh sere earth scarred with its wastes of rust and rubbish, passing stolidly by below the blank board fences of a brick yard, crunching doggedly through the lanes of dirty rutted ice, passing before the gray besmutted fronts of wooden houses which in their stark, desolate, and unspeakable ugliness seemed to give a complete and final utterance to an architecture of weariness, sterility and horror, so overwhelming in its absolute desolation that it seemed as if the painful and indignant soul of man must sicken and die at length before it, stricken, stupefied, and strangled without a tongue to articulate the curse that once had blazed in him.

And at length they would pause before my uncle's little house—one of a street of little houses which he had built there on the barren flatlands of the suburb, and to which he had given magnificently his own name—Hawke Heights—although the only eminence in all that flat and weary waste was a

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stunted and almost imperceptible rise a half mile off. And here along this street which he had built, these little houses, warped, yet strong and hardy, seemed to burrow down solidly like moles for warmth into the ugly stony earth on which they were built and to cower and huddle doggedly below the immense and terrible desolation of the northern sky, with its rimy sun-hazed lights, its fierce and cruel rags and stripes of wintry red, its raw and savage harshness. And then, gripping their greasy little wads of money, as if the knowledge that all reward below these fierce and cruel skies must be wrenched painfully and minutely from a stony earth, they went in to pay my uncle. He would come up to meet them from some lower cellar-depth, swearing, muttering, and banging doors; and he would come toward them howling greetings, buttoned to his chin in the frayed and faded sweater, gnarled, stooped and frosty-looking, clutching his great hands together at his waist. Then they would wait, stiffly, clumsily, fingering their hats, while with countless squints and grimaces and pursings of the lip, he scrawled out painfully their receipt —their fractional release from debt and labor, one more hard-won step toward the freedom of possession.

At length, having pocketed their money and finished the transaction, he would not permit them to depart at once, he would howl urgently at them an invitation to stay, he would offer long weedy-looking cigars to them, and they would sit uncomfortably, crouching on their buttock bones like stalled oxen, at the edges of chairs, shyly and dumbly staring at him, while he howled question, comment, and enthusiastic tribute at them.

"Why, my dear sir!" he would yell at Makropolos, the Greek. "You have a glorious past, a history of which any nation might well be proud!"

"Sure, sure!" said Makropolos, nodding vigorously. "Beeg Heestory!"

"The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece!" my uncle howled, "where burning Sappho loved and sung—" (Phuh! phuh! phuh! phuh! phuh!)

"Sure, sure!" said Makropolos again, nodding good-naturedly but wrinkling his lowering finger's-breadth of brow in a somewhat puzzled fashion. "Tha's right! You got it!"

"Why, my dear sir!" Uncle Bascom cried. "It has been the ambition of my lifetime to visit those hallowed scenes, to stand at sunrise on the Acropolis, to explore the glory that was Greece, to see the magnificent ruins of the noblest of ancient civ-i-*liz*-a-tions!"

For the first time a dark flush, a flush of outraged patriotism, began to burn upon the swarthy yellow of Mr. Makropolos' cheek: his manner became heavy and animated, and in a moment he said with passionate conviction:

"No, no, no! No ruin! Wat you t'ink, eh! Athens fine town! We got a million pipples dere!" He struggled for a word, then cupped his hairy paws indefinitely: "*You* know? *Beeg!* O, ni-ez!" he added greasily, with a smile. "Everyt'ing good! We got everyt'ing good dere as you got here! *You* know?" he said with a confiding and painful effort. "Everyt'ing ni-ez! Not old! No, no, no!" he cried with a rising and indignant vigor. "New! de same as here? Ni-ez! You get good and cheap—everyt'ing! Beeg place, new house, dumbwaiter, elevator—wat chew like!—oh, ni-ez!" he said earnestly. "Wat chew t'ink it cost, eh? Feefateen dollar a month! Sure, sure!" he nodded with a swarthy earnestness. "I wouldn't keed you!"

"Finest people on earth!" my uncle Bascom cried with an air of great conviction and satisfaction. "No question about it!"—and he would usher his visitor to the door howling farewells into the terrible desolation of those savage skies.

Meanwhile, my Aunt Louise, although she had not heard a word of what was said, although she had listened to nothing except the periods of Uncle Bascom's heavily accented and particular speech, kept up a constant snuffling laughter punctuated momently by faint whoops as she bent over her pots and pans in the kitchen, pausing from time to time as if to listen, and then snuffling to herself as she shook her head in pitying mirth which rose again up to the crisis of a faint crazy cackle as she scoured the pan; because, of course, during the forty-five years of her life with him thoroughly, imperceptibly, and completely, she had gone mad, and no longer knew or cared to know whether these words had just been spoken or were the echoes of lost voices long ago.

And again, she would pause to listen, with her small birdlike features uplifted gleefully in a kind of mad attentiveness as the door slammed and he stumped muttering back into the house, intent upon the secret designs of his own life, as remote and isolate from her as if they had each dwelt on separate planets, although the house they lived in was a small one.

The union of Bascom and Louise had been blessed by four children, all of whom had left their father's bed and board when they discovered how simple it is to secure an abundance of food, warmth, clothing, shelter and freedom in the generous world, whether by marriage, murder, or simply by hard labor. Of them, however, remarkable as their lives have been, it is not necessary to speak here, for he had forgotten them, they no longer touched his life: he had the power to forget, he belonged to a more ancient, a more lonely earth.

Such, briefly, had been the history of the old man who now stood before this dusty office. His life had come up from the wilderness, the buried past, the lost America. The potent mystery of old events and moments had passed around him, and the magic light of dark time fell across him.

Like all men in this land, he had been a wanderer, an exile on the immortal earth. Like all of us he had no home. Wherever great wheels carried him was home.

In the office which Bascom Hawke now entered there were two rooms, one in front and one behind, L shaped, and set in the elbow of the building, so that one might look out at the two projecting wings of the building, and see lighted layers of offices, in which the actors of a dozen enterprises "took" dictation, clattered at typewriters, walked back and forth importantly, talked into telephones or, what they did with amazing frequency, folded their palms behind their skulls, placed their feet restfully on the nearest solid object, and gazed for long periods dreamily and tenderly at the ceilings.

Through the broad and usually very dirty panes of the window in the front office one could catch a glimpse of Faneuil Hall and the magnificent and exultant activity of the markets.

These dingy offices, however, from

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which a corner of this rich movement might be seen and felt, were merely the unlovely counterpart of millions of others throughout the country and, in the telling phrase of Baedeker, offered "little that need detain the tourist": a few chairs, two scarred roll-top desks, a typist's table, a battered safe with a pile of thumb-worn ledgers on top of it, a set of green filing cases, an enormous green, greasy water-jar always half filled with a rusty liquid that no one drank, and two spittoons, put there because Brill was a man who chewed and spat widely in all directions—this, save for placards, each bearing several photographs of houses with their prices written below them—8 rooms, Dorchester, $6,500; 5 rooms and garage, Melrose, $4,500, etc.—completed the furniture of the room, and the second room, save for the disposition of objects, was similarly adorned.

To reach his own "office," as Bascom Hawke called the tiny cubicle in which he worked and received his clients, the old man had to traverse the inner room and open a door in a flimsy partition of varnished wood and glazed glass at the other end. This was his office: it was really a very narrow slice cut off from the larger room, and in it there was barely space for one large dirty window, an ancient dilapidated desk and swivel chair, a very small battered safe, buried under stacks of yellowed newspapers, and a small bookcase with glass doors and two small shelves on which there were a few worn volumes. An inspection of these books would have revealed four or five tattered and musty law books in their ponderous calf-skin bindings—one on *Contracts,* one on *Real Property,* one on *Titles*—a two-volume edition of the poems of Matthew Arnold, very dog-eared and thumbed over, a copy of *Sartor Resartus,* also much used, a volume of the essays of Ralph Waldo Emerson, the Iliad in Greek with minute yellowed notations in the margins, a volume of the *World Almanac* several years old, and a very worn volume of the Holy Bible, greatly used and annotated in Bascom's small, stiffly laborious, and meticulous hand.

If the old man was a little late, as sometimes happened, he might find his colleagues there before him. Miss Muriel Brill, the typist, and the eldest daughter of Mr. John T. Brill, would be seated in her typist's chair, her heavy legs crossed as she bent over to undo the metal latches of the thick galoshes she wore during the winter season. It is true there were also other seasons when Miss Brill did not wear galoshes, but so sharply and strongly do our memories connect people with certain gestures which, often for an inscrutable reason, seem characteristic of them, that any frequent visitor to these offices at this time of day would doubtless have remembered Miss Brill as always unfastening her galoshes. But the probable reason is that some people inevitably belong to seasons, and this girl's season was winter—not blizzards or howling winds, or the blind skirl and sweep of snow, but gray, grim, raw, thick, implacable winter: the endless successions of gray days and gray monotony. There was no spark of color in her, her body was somewhat thick and heavy, her face was white, dull, and thick-featured and instead of tapering downwards, it tapered up: it was small above, and thick and heavy below, and even in her speech, the words she uttered seemed to have been chosen by an automaton, and could only be remembered later by their desolate banality. One always remembered her as saying as one entered: " . . . Hello! . . . You're becoming quite a strangeh! . . . It's been some time since you was around, hasn't it? . . . I was thinkin' the otheh day it had been some time since you was around. . . . I'd begun to think you had forgotten us. . . . Well, how've you been? Lookin' the same as usual, I see. . . . Me? . . . Oh, can't complain. . . . Keepin' busy? *I'll* say! I manage to keep goin'. . . . Who you lookin' for? Father? He's in *there.* . . . Why, yeah! Go right on in."

This was Miss Brill, and at the moment that she bent to unfasten her galoshes, it is likely that Mr. Samuel Friedman would also be there in the act of rubbing his small dry hands briskly together, or of rubbing the back of one hand with the palm of the other in order to induce circulation. He was a small youngish man, a pale somewhat meagre-looking little Jew with a sharp ferret face: he, too, was a person who goes to "fill in" those vast swarming masses of people along the pavements and in the subway—the mind cannot remember them or absorb the details of their individual appearance but they people the earth, they make up life. Mr. Friedman had none of the richness, color, and humor that some members of his race so abundantly possess, the succession of gray days, the grim weather seemed to have entered his soul as it enters the souls of many different races there—the Irish, the older New England stock, even the Jews—and it gives them a common touch that is prim, drab, careful, tight and sour. Mr. Friedman also wore galoshes, his clothes were neat, drab, a little worn and shiny, there was an odor of steamy thawing dampness and warm rubber about him as he rubbed his dry little hands saying: "Chee! How I hated to leave that good wahm bed this morning! When I got up I said, *'Holy* Chee!' My wife says, 'Whatsa mattah?' I says, 'Holy Chee! You step out heah a moment where I am an' you'll see whatsa mattah.' 'Is it cold?' she says. 'Is it cold! *I'll* tell the cock-eyed wuhld!' I says. Chee! You could have cut the frost with an axe: the wateh in the pitchehs was frozen hahd; an' she has the nuhve to ask me if it's cold! 'Is it cold!' I says. 'Do you know any more funny stories?' I says. O how I do love my bed! Chee! I kept thinkin' of that guy in Braintree I got to go see to-day an' the more I thought about him, the less I liked him! I thought my feet would tu'n into two blocks of ice before I got the funniss stahted! 'Chee! I hope the ole bus is still workin,' I says. 'If I've got to go thaw that damned thing out,' I says, 'I'm ready to quit.' Chee! Well, suh, I neveh had a bit of trouble: she stahted right up an' the way that ole moteh was workin' is nobody's business."

During the course of this monologue Miss Brill would give ear and assent from time to time by the simple interjection: "Uh!" It was a sound she uttered frequently, it had somewhat the same meaning as "Yes," but it was more non-committal than "Yes." It seemed to render assent to the speaker, to let him know that he was being heard and understood, but it did not commit the auditor to any opinion, or to any real agreement.

The third member of this office staff, who was likely to be present at this time, was a gentleman named Stanley

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P. Ward. Mr. Stanley P. Ward was a neat middling figure of a man, aged fifty or thereabouts; he was plump and had a pink tender skin, a trim Vandyke, and a nice comfortable little pot of a belly which slipped snugly into the well-pressed and well-brushed garments that always fitted him so tidily. He was a bit of a fop, and it was at once evident that he was quietly but enormously pleased with himself. He carried himself very sprucely, he took short rapid steps and his neat little paunch gave his figure a movement not unlike that of a pouter pigeon. He was usually in quiet but excellent spirits, he laughed frequently and a smile—rather a subtly amused look—was generally playing about the edges of his mouth. That smile and his laugh made some people vaguely uncomfortable: there was a kind of deliberate falseness in them, as if what he really thought and felt was not to be shared with other men. He seemed, in fact, to have discovered some vital and secret power, some superior knowledge and wisdom, from which the rest of mankind was excluded, a sense that he was "chosen" above other men, and this impression of Mr. Stanley Ward would have been correct, for he was a Christian Scientist, he was a pillar of the church, and a very big church at that—for Mr. Ward, dressed in fashionable striped trousers, rubber soles, and a cut-away coat might be found somewhere under the mighty dome of the Mother Church on Huntington Avenue every Sunday suavely, noiselessly, and expertly ushering the faithful to their pews.

This completes the personnel of the first office of the John T. Brill Realty Company, and if my uncle, Bascom Hawke, arrived late, if these three people were already present, if Mr. Bascom Hawke had not been defrauded of any part of his worldly goods by some contriving rascal, of whom the world has many, if his life had not been imperilled by some speed maniac, if the damnable New England weather was not too damnable, if, in short, Bascom Hawke was in fairly good spirits he would on entering immediately howl in a high, rapid, remote and perfectly monotonous tone: "Hello, Hello, Hello! Good-morning, Good-morning, Good-morning!"—after which he would close his eyes, grimace horribly, press his rubbery lip against his big horse teeth, and snuffle with laughter through his nose, as if pleased by a tremendous stroke of wit. At this demonstration the other members of the group would glance at one another with those knowing subtly supercilious nods and winks, that look of common self-congratulation and humor with which the more "normal" members of society greet the conduct of an eccentric, and Mr. Samuel Friedman would say: "What's the matteh with you, Pop? You look happy. Some one musta give you a shot in the ahm."

At which, a coarse powerful voice, deliberate and rich with its intimation of immense and earthy vulgarity, might roar out of the depth of the inner office: "No, I'll tell you what it is." Here the great figure of Mr. John T. Brill, the head of the business, would darken the doorway. "Don't you know what's wrong with the Reverend? It's that widder he's been takin' around." Here, the phlegmy burble that prefaced all of Mr. Brill's obscenities would appear in his voice, the shadow of a lewd smile would play around the corner of his mouth: "It's the widder. She's let him——"

At this delicate stroke of humor, the burble would burst open in Mr. Brill's great red throat, and he would roar with that high, choking, phlegmy laughter that is frequent among big red-faced men. Mr. Friedman would laugh drily ("Heh, heh, heh, heh, heh!"), Mr. Stanley Ward would laugh more heartily, but complacently, and Miss Brill would snicker in a coy and subdued manner as became a modest young girl. As for Bascom Hawke, if he was really in a good humor, he might snuffle with nosey laughter, bend double at his meagre waist, clutching his big hands together, and stamp at the floor violently several times with one stringy leg; he might even go so far as to take a random ecstatic kick at objects, still stamping and snuffling with laughter, and prod Miss Brill stiffly with two enormous bony fingers, as if he did not wish the full point and flavor of the jest to be lost on her.

My uncle, Bascom Hawke, however, was a very complicated person with many moods, and if Mr. Brill's fooling did not catch him in a receptive one, he might contort his face in a pucker of refined disgust, and mutter his disapproval, as he shook his head rapidly from side to side. Or he might rise to great heights of moral denunciation, beginning at first in a grave low voice that showed the seriousness of the words he had to utter: "The lady to whom you refer," he would begin, "the very charming and cultivated lady whose name, sir," here his voice would rise on its howling note and he would wag his great bony forefinger, "whose name, sir, you have so foully traduced and blackened——"

"No, I wasn't, Reverend. I was only tryin' to whiten it," said Mr. Brill, beginning to burble with laughter.

"—whose name, sir, you have so foully traduced and blackened with your smutty suggestions," Bascom continued implacably, "—that lady is known to me, as you very well know, sir," he howled, wagging his great finger again, "solely and simply in a professional capacity."

"Why, hell, Reverend," said Mr. Brill innocently, "I never knew she was a perfessional. I thought she was an amatoor."

At this conclusive stroke, Mr. Brill would make the whole place tremble with his laughter, Mr. Friedman would laugh almost noiselessly, holding himself weakly at the stomach and bending across a desk, Mr. Ward would have short bursts and fits of laughter, as he gazed out the window, shaking his head deprecatingly from time to time, as if his more serious nature disapproved, and Miss Brill would snicker, and turn to her machine, remarking: "This conversation is getting too rough for me!"

And my uncle, if this jesting touched his complex soul at one of those moments when such profanity shocked him, would walk away, confiding into vacancy, it seemed, with his powerful and mobile features contorted in the most eloquent expression of disgust and loathing ever seen on any face, the while he muttered, in a resonant whisper that shuddered with passionate revulsion: "Oh *bad!* Oh *bad!* O *bad, bad, bad!*" —shaking his head slightly from side to side with each word.

Yet there were other times, when Brill's swingeing vulgarity, the vast coarse sweep of his profanity not only

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found Uncle Bascom in a completely receptive mood, but they evoked from him gleeful responses, counter essays in swearing which he made slyly, craftily, snickering with pleasure and squinting around at his listeners at the sound of the words, and getting such stimulus from them as might a renegade clergyman, exulting in a feeling of depravity and abandonment for the first time.

To the other people in this office—that is, to Friedman, Ward and Muriel, the stenographer—my uncle was always an enigma; at first they had observed his peculiarities of speech and dress, his eccentricity of manner, and the sudden, violent, and complicated fluctuation of his temperament, with astonishment and wonder, then with laughter and ridicule, and now, with dull, uncomprehending acceptance. Nothing he did or said surprised them any more, they had no understanding and little curiosity, they accepted him as a fact in the gray schedule of their lives. Their relation to him was habitually touched by a kind of patronizing banter—"kidding the old boy along" they would have called it—by the communication of smug superior winks and the conspiracy of feeble jests, and in this there was something base and ignoble, for my uncle was a better man than any of them.

He did not notice any of this, it is not likely he would have cared if he had, for, like most eccentrics, his thoughts were usually buried in a world of his own creating to whose every fact and feeling and motion he was the central actor. Again, as much as any of his extraordinary family, he had carried with him throughout his life the sense that he was "fated"—a sense that was strong in all of them—that his life was pivotal to all the actions of providence, that, in short, the time might be out of joint, but not himself. Nothing but death could shake his powerful egotism, and his occasional storms of fury, his railing at the world, his tirades of invective at some motorist, pedestrian, or laborer occurred only when he discovered that these people were moving in a world at cross-purposes to his own and that some action of theirs had disturbed or shaken the logic of his universe.

It was curious that, of all the people in the office, the person who had the deepest understanding and respect for my uncle was John T. Brill. Mr. Brill was a huge creature of elemental desires and passions: a river of profanity rushed from his mouth with the relentless sweep and surge of the Mississippi, he could no more have spoken without swearing than a whale could swim in a frog-pond—he swore at everything, at every one, and with every breath, casually and unconsciously, and yet when he addressed my uncle Bascom his oath was always impersonal, and tinged subtly by a feeling of respect.

Thus, he would speak to Uncle Bascom somewhat in this fashion: "Goddamn it, Hawke, did you ever look up the title for that stuff in Malden? That feller's been callin' up every day to find out about it."

"Which fellow?" my uncle Bascom asked precisely. "The man from Cambridge?"

"No," said Mr. Brill, "not him, the other — — — —, the Dorchester feller. How the hell am I goin' to tell him anything if there's no goddamn title for the stuff?"

Profane and typical as this speech was, it was always shaded nicely with impersonality toward my uncle Bascom—conscious to the full of the distinction between "damn *it*" and "damn *you*." Toward his other colleagues, however, Mr. Brill was neither nice nor delicate.

Brill was an enormous man physically: he was six feet two or three inches tall, and his weight was close to three hundred pounds. He was totally bald, his skull was a gleaming satiny pink; above his great red moon of face, with its ponderous and pendulous jowls, it looked almost egg-shaped. And in the heavy, deliberate, and powerful timbre of his voice there was always lurking this burble of exultant, gargantuan obscenity: it was so obviously part of the structure of his life, so obviously his only and natural means of expression, that it was impossible to condemn him. His epithet was limited and repetitive—but so, too, was Homer's, and, like Homer, he saw no reason for changing what had already been used and found good.

He was a lewd and innocent man. Like my uncle, by comparison with these other people, he seemed to belong to some earlier, richer and grander period of the earth, and perhaps this was why there was more actual kinship and understanding between them than between any of the other members of the office. These other people—Friedman, Brill's daughter, Muriel, and Ward—belonged to the myriads of the earth, to those numberless swarms that with ceaseless pullulation fill the streets of life with their gray immemorable tides. But Brill and my uncle Bascom were men in a thousand, a million: if one had seen them in a crowd he would have looked after them, if one had talked with them, he could never have forgotten them.

It is rare in modern life that one sees a man who can express himself with such complete and abundant certainty as Brill did—completely, and without doubt or confusion. It is true that his life expressed itself chiefly by two gestures—by profanity and by his great roar of full-throated, earth-shaking laughter, an explosive comment on existence which usually concluded and summarized his other means of expression.

Although the other people in the office laughed heartily at this soaring rhetoric of obscenity, it sometimes proved too much for Uncle Bascom. When this happened he would either leave the office immediately, or stump furiously into his own little cupboard that seemed silted over with the dust of twenty years, slamming the door behind him so violently that the thin partition rattled, and then stand for a moment pursing his lips, and convolving his features with incredible speed, and shaking his gaunt head slightly from side to side, until at length he whispered in a tone of passionate disgust and revulsion: "Oh, *bad! Bad! Bad!* By every *gesture,* by every *act,* he betrays the *boor,* the *vulgarian!* Can you imagine"—here his voice sunk even lower in its scale of passionate whispering repugnance—"can you for one *moment* imagine a man of *breeding* and the social graces talking in such a way publicly?—And before his own daughter. Oh, *bad! Bad! Bad! Bad!*"

And in the silence, while my uncle stood shaking his head in its movement of downcast and convulsive distaste, we could hear, suddenly, Brill's pungent answer to all the world—and his great bellow of throaty laughter. Later

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on, if my uncle had to consult him on any business, he would open his door abruptly, walk out into Brill's office clutching his hands together at the waist, and with disgust still carved upon his face, say: "Well, sir, . . . If you have concluded your morning devotions," here his voice sank to a bitter snarl, "we might get down to the transaction of some of the day's business."

"Why, Reverend!" Brill roared. "You ain't heard nothin' yet!"

And the great choking bellow of laughter would burst from him again, rattling the windows with its power as he hurled his great weight backward, with complete abandon, in his creaking swivel-chair.

It was obvious that he liked to tease my uncle, and never lost an opportunity of doing so: for example, if any one gave Uncle Bascom a cigar, Brill would exclaim with an air of innocent surprise: "Why, *Reverend,* you're not going to smoke that, are you?"

"Why, certainly," my uncle Bascom said tartly. "That is the purpose for which it was intended, isn't it?"

"Why, yes," said Brill, "but you know how they make 'em, don't you? I didn't think you'd touch it after some dirty old Spaniard has wiped his old hands all over it—yes! an' *spit* upon it, too, because that's what they do!"

"Ah!" my uncle snarled contemptuously. "You don't know what you're talking about! There is nothing cleaner than good tobacco! Finest and healthiest plant on earth! No question about it!"

"Well," said Brill, "I've learned something. We live and learn, Reverend. You've taught me somethin' worth knowing: when it's free it's clean; when you have to pay for it it stinks like hell!" He pondered heavily for a moment, and the burble began to play about in his great throat: "And by God!" he concluded, "tobacco's not the only thing that applies to, either. Not by a damned sight!"

Again, one morning, my uncle cleared his throat portentously, coughed, and suddenly said to me: "Now, David, my boy, you are going to have lunch with me to-day. There's no question about it whatever!" This was astonishing news, for he had never before invited me to eat with him when I came to his office, although I had been to his house for dinner many times. "Yes, sir!" he said, with an air of decision and satisfaction. "I have thought it all over. There is a splendid establishment in the basement of this building—small, of course, but everything clean and of the highest order! It is conducted by an Irish gentleman whom I have known for many years. Finest people on earth: no question about it!"

It was an astonishing and momentous occasion; I knew how infrequently he went to a restaurant. Having made his decision, Uncle Bascom immediately stepped into the outer offices, and began to discuss and publish his intentions with the greatest satisfaction.

"Yes, sir!" he said in a precise tone, smacking his lips in a ruminant fashion, and addressing himself to every one rather than to a particular person. "We shall go in and take our seats in the regular way, and I shall then give appropriate instructions, to one of the attendants—" again he smacked his lips as he pronounced this word with such an indescribable air of relish, that immediately my mouth began to water, and the delicious pangs of appetite and hunger began to gnaw my vitals—"I shall say: 'This is my nephew, a young man now enrolled at Harvard Un-i-versit-tee!' "—here Bascom smacked his lips together again with that same maddening air of relish—" 'Yes, sir' (I shall say!)—'You are to fulfil his order without *stint,* without *delay,* and without *question,* and to the *utmost* of your ability' "—he howled, wagging his great bony forefinger through the air —"As for myself," he declared abruptly, "I shall take nothing. Good Lord, no!" he said with a scornful laugh. "I wouldn't touch a thing they had to offer. You couldn't pay me to: I shouldn't sleep for a month if I did. But you, my boy!" he howled, turning suddenly upon me, "—are to have everything your heart desires! Everything, everything, everything!" He made an inclusive gesture with his long arms; then closed his eyes, stamped at the floor, and began to snuffle with laughter.

Mr. Brill had listened to all this with his great-jowled face slack-jawed and agape with astonishment. Now, he said, heavily: "He's goin' to have everything, is he? Where are you goin' to take him to git it?"

"Why, sir!" my uncle said in an annoyed tone, "I have told you all along —we are going to the modest but excellent establishment in the basement of this very building."

"Why, Reverend," Brill said in a protesting tone. "You ain't goin' to take your nephew *there,* are you? I thought you said you was goin' to git somethin' to *eat.*"

"I had supposed," my uncle said with bitter sarcasm, "that one went there for that purpose. I had not supposed that one went there to get shaved."

"Well," said Brill, "if you go there you'll git shaved, all right. You'll not only git *shaved,* you'll git *skinned* alive. But you won't git anything to eat." And he hurled himself back again, roaring with laughter.

"Pay no attention to him!" my uncle said to me in a tone of bitter repugnance. "I have long known that his low and vulgar mind attempts to make a joke of everything, even the most sacred matters. I assure you, my boy, the place is excellent in every way:—do you suppose," he said now addressing Brill and all the others, with a howl of fury —"do you suppose, if it were not, that I should for a single moment *dream* of taking him there? Do you suppose that I would for an instant *contemplate* taking my own nephew, my sister's son, to any place in which I did not repose the fullest confidence? Not on your life!" he howled. "Not on your life!"

And we departed, followed by Brill's great bellow, and a farewell invitation which he shouted after me, "Don't worry, son! When you git through with that cockroach stew, come back an' I'll take you out to lunch with *me!*"

Although Brill delighted in teasing and baiting my uncle in this fashion, there was, at the bottom of his heart, a feeling of deep humility, of genuine respect and admiration for him: he respected Uncle Bascom's intelligence, he was secretly and profoundly impressed by the fact that my uncle had been a minister of the gospel and had preached in many churches.

Moreover, in the respect and awe with which Brill greeted these evidences of my uncle's superior education, in the eagerness he showed when he boasted to visitors, as he often did, of

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my uncle's learning, there was a quality of pride that was profoundly touching and paternal: it was as if my uncle had been his son, and as if he wanted at every opportunity to display his talents to the world. And this, in fact, was exactly what he did want to do. Much to my uncle's annoyance, Brill was constantly speaking of his erudition to strangers who had come into the office for the first time, and constantly urging my uncle to perform for them, to "say some of them big words, Reverend." And even when my uncle answered him, as he frequently did, in terms of scorn, anger, and contempt, Brill was completely satisfied, if Uncle Bascom would only use a few of the "big words" in doing it. Thus, one day, when one of his boyhood friends, a New Hampshire man whom he had not seen in thirty-five years, had come in to renew their acquaintance Brill, in describing the accomplishments of my uncle, said with an air of solemn affirmation: "Why, hell yes, Jim! It'd take a college perfesser to know what the Reverend is talkin' about half the time! No ordinary — — — — is able to understand him! So help me God, it's true!" he swore solemnly, as Jim looked incredulous. "The Reverend knows words the average man ain't never heard. He knows words that ain't even in the dictionary. Yes, sir!—an' uses 'em, too—all the time!" he concluded triumphantly.

"Why, my dear sir!" my uncle answered in a tone of exacerbated contempt, "What on earth are you talking about? Such a man as you describe would be a monstrosity, a heinous perversion of natural law! A man so wise that no one could understand him:—so literate that he could not communicate with his fellow creatures:—so erudite that he led the inarticulate and incoherent life of a beast or a savage!" —here Uncle Bascom squinted his eyes tightly shut, and laughed sneeringly down his nose: "Phuh! phuh! phuh! phuh! phuh!—Why, you con-sum-mate fool!" he sneered, "I have long known that your ignorance was bottomless—but I had never hoped to see it equalled —Nay! Surpassed!" he howled, "by your asininity."

"There you are!" said Brill exultantly to his visitor, "What did I tell you? There's one of them words, Jim: 'asserninity,' why, damn it, the Reverend's the only one who knows what that word means—you won't even find it in the dictionary!"

"Not find it in the dictionary!" my uncle yelled. "Almighty God, come down and give this ass a tongue as Thou didst once before in Balaam's time!"

Again, Brill was seated at his desk one day engaged with a client in those intimate, cautious, and confidential preliminaries that mark the consummation of a "deal" in real estate. On this occasion the prospective buyer was an Italian: the man sat awkwardly and nervously in a chair beside Brill's desk while the great man bent his huge weight ponderously and persuasively toward him. From time to time the Italian's voice, sullen, cautious, disparaging, interrupted Brill's ponderous and coaxing drone. The Italian sat stiffly, his thick, clumsy body awkwardly clad in his "good" clothes of heavy black, his thick, hairy, blunt-nailed hands cupped nervously upon his knees, his black eyes glittering with suspicion under his knitted inch of brow. At length, he shifted nervously, rubbed his paws tentatively across his knees and then, with a smile mixed of ingratiation and mistrust, said: "How mucha you want, eh?"

"How mucha we want?" Brill repeated vulgarly as the burble began to play about within his throat. "Why, how mucha you got? . . . You know we'll take every damn thing you got! It's not how mucha we want, it's how mucha you got!" And he hurled himself backward, bellowing with laughter. "By God, Reverend," he yelled as Uncle Bascom entered, "ain't that right? It's not how mucha we want, it's how mucha you got! 'od damn! We ought to take that as our motter. I've got a good mind to git it printed on our letterheads. What do you think, Reverend?"

"Hey?" howled Uncle Bascom absently, as he prepared to enter his own office.

"I say we ought to use it for our motter."

"Your *what?*" said Uncle Bascom scornfully, pausing as if he did not understand.

"Our motter," Brill said.

"Not your *motter,*" my uncle howled derisively. "The word is *not* motter," he said contemptuously. "Nobody of any refinement would say *motter. Motter* is *not* correct!" he howled finally. "Only an ig-no-*ram*-us would say *motter.* No!" he yelled with final conclusiveness. "That is *not* the way to pronounce it! That is ab-so-lute-ly and em-phat-ic-ally *not* the way to pronounce it!"

"All right, then, Reverend," said Brill, submissively. "You're the docter. What is the word?"

"The word is *motto,*" Uncle Bascom snarled. "Of course! Any fool knows that!"

"Why, hell," Mr. Brill protested in a hurt tone. "That's what I said, ain't it?"

"No-o!" Uncle Bascom howled derisively. "No-o! By no means, by no means, by no means! You said *motter.* The word is *not* motter. The word is motto: m-o-t-t-o! M-O-T-T-O does *not* spell motter," he remarked with vicious decision.

"What does it spell?" said Mr. Brill.

"It spells *motto,*" Uncle Bascom howled. "It *has* always spelled motto! It *will* always spell motto! As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: A-a-men!" he howled huskily in his most evangelical fashion. Then, immensely pleased at his wit, he closed his eyes, stamped at the floor and snarled and snuffled down his nose with laughter

"Well, anyway," said Brill, "no matter how you spell it, it's not how mucha we want, it's how mucha you got! That's the way we feel about it!"

And this, in fact, without concealment, without pretense, without evasion, was just how Brill did feel about it. He wanted everything that was his and, in addition, he wanted as much as he could get. And this rapacity, this brutal and unadorned gluttony, so far from making men wary of him, attracted them to him, inspired them with unshakable confidence in his integrity, his business honesty. Perhaps the reason for this was that concealment did not abide in the man: he published his intentions to the world with an oath and a roar of laughter—and the world, having seen and judged, went away with the confidence of this Italian—that Brill was "one fine-a man!" Even my uncle, who had so often turned upon his col-

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league the weapons of scorn, contempt, and mockery, had a curious respect for him, an acrid sunken affection: often, when we were alone, he would recall something Brill had said and his powerful and fluent features would suddenly be contorted in that familiar grimace, as he laughed his curious laugh which was forced out, with a deliberate and painful effort, through his powerful nose and his lips, barred with a few large teeth. "Phuh! phuh! phuh! phuh! phuh! . . . Of course!" he said, with a nasal rumination, as he stared over the apex of his great bony hands, clasped in meditation—"of course, he is just a poor ignorant fellow! I don't suppose—no, sir, I really do not suppose that Brill ever went to school over six months in his life!—say!" my uncle Bascom paused suddenly, turned to me abruptly with his strange fixed grin, and fastened his sharp old eyes keenly on me: in this sudden and abrupt change, this transference of his vision from his own secret and personal world, in which his thought and feeling was sunken, and which seemed to be so far away from the actual world about him, there was something impressive and disconcerting. His eyes were gray, sharp, and old, and one eyelid had a heavy droop or ptosis which, although it did not obscure his vision, gave his expression at times a sinister glint, a malevolent humor. "—Say!" here his voice sank to a deliberate and confiding whisper, "(Phuh! phuh! phuh! phuh! phuh!) Say—a man who would—he told me—O vile! vile! vile! my boy!" my uncle whispered, shutting his eyes in a kind of shuddering ecstasy as if at the memory of things too gloriously obscene to be repeated. "Can you *imagine,* can you even *dream* of such a state of affairs if he had possessed an atom, a *scintilla* of delicacy and good breeding! Yes, sir!" he said with decision. "I suppose there's no doubt about it! His beginnings were very lowly, very poor and humble, indeed! . . . Not that that is in any sense to his discredit!" Uncle Bascom said hastily, as if it had occurred to him that his words might bear some taint of snobbishness. "Oh, by no means, by no means, by no means!" he sang out, with a sweeping upward gesture of his long arm, as if he were clearing the air of wisps of smoke. "Some of our finest men—some of the nation's *leaders,* have come from just such surroundings as those. Beyond a doubt! Beyond a doubt! There's no question about it whatever! Say!"—here he turned suddenly upon me again with the ptotic and sinister intelligence of his eye. "Was *Lincoln* an aristocrat? Was he the issue of wealthy parents? Was he brought up with a silver spoon in his mouth? Was our *own* former governor, the Vice-President of the United States to-day, reared in the lap of luxury! Not on your life!" howled Uncle Bascom. "He came from frugal and thrifty Vermont farming stock, he has never deviated a *jot* from his early training, he remains to-day what he has always been—one of the simplest of men! Finest people on earth, no question about it whatever!"

Again, he meditated gravely with lost stare across the apex of his great joined hands, and I noticed again, as I had noticed so often, the great dignity of his head in thought—a head that was highbrowed, lean and lonely, a head that not only in its cast of thought but even in its physical contour, and in its profound and lonely earnestness, bore an astonishing resemblance to that of Emerson—it was, at times, like these, as grand a head as I had ever seen, and on it was legible the history of man's loneliness, his dignity, his grandeur and despair.

"Yes, sir!" he said, in a moment. "He is, of course, a vulgar fellow and some of the things he says at times are O! vile! vile! vile!" my uncle cried, closing his eyes and laughing. "O vile! *most* vile! . . . but (phuh! phuh! phuh!) you can't help laughing at the fellow at times because he is so . . . O, I could tell you things, my boy! . . . O *Vile! vile!*" he cried, shaking his head downwards. "What coarseness! . . . What in-*vect*-ive!" he whispered, in a kind of ecstasy.

And this invective, I know, he cherished in his secret heart so dearly that on at least one notable occasion he had invoked it, and lamented that he did not have it by him as an aid. What Uncle Bascom had said on that occasion, lifting his arms to heaven, and crying out a confession of his own inadequacy in a tone of passionate supplication, was: "O, that J. T. were here at this moment!—or that I had his tongue!—that he might aid me with his *scathing* invective!"

The occasion was this: a few years before my uncle had taken his wife to Florida for the winter, and had rented there a cottage. The place he chose was small and modest, it was several miles away from one of the larger and more fashionable towns, it was not on the coast, but set a few miles inland, and it had the advantages of a river, or peninsular inlet which rose and fell with the recurrence of the tides. This modest winter colony was so small that it could afford only one small church and one minister, himself a member of the colony. During the winter this man was taken ill: he was unable to continue his services at the church, and his little following, in looking around for a substitute, learned that Uncle Bascom had formerly been a minister. They came to him, therefore, and asked if he would serve.

"Oh, *Lord,* no!" Bascom howled derisively. "Good *heavens,* no! I shouldn't *dream* of such a thing! I shouldn't for a moment *contemplate* such a thing! I am a *total*—for twenty years I have been a *complete*—agnostic."

The flock looked at him with a dazed expression. "Wal," said one of the leading parishioners, a lean Down-Easter, "most of us here are Presbyterians, but I don't know that that would make any difference. The way I see it, we're all met here to worship the Lord, and we need a preacher no matter what his denomination is. When all's said and done," he concluded comfortably, "I don't guess there's much difference between any of us in the long run."

"Why, my dear sir!" my uncle said, with a slight sneer. "If you think there is no difference between an agnostic and a Presbyterian you had better have your head examined by a doctor without further delay. No-o!" he howled faintly. "I cannot profess belief in what I do not know! I cannot simulate conviction when I have none! I cannot preach a faith I have not got! There, sir, you have my whole position in a nut-shell!"

Here, people in the group began to stir restlessly, to mutter uneasily, and to draw away: suddenly Uncle Bascom caught the muttered word "atheist."

"No-o!" he shouted, his ptotic eye beginning to glitter with the light of com-

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bat. "By no means! By no means! You only show your ignorance when you say a thing like that. They are not the same! They are ab-so-lute-ly and emphat-i-cal-ly *not* the same! An atheist is *not* an agnostic and an agnostic is *not* an atheist! Why!" he yelled, "the mere sound of the words would teach you that if you had an atom of intelligence. An atheist is a man who does not believe in God!—it is composed of the Greek prefix 'a'—meaning *not,* and the noun 'the-os,' meaning God: an atheist therefore says there is no God! Now," he continued, licking his lips for joy, "we come to the word *agnostic.* Is the sound the same? No-o! Is the meaning the same? By no means! Are the parts the same? Not on your life! The word is *agnostic:* a-g-n-o-s-t-i-c! From what language is it derived? From Greek, of course—as any fool should know! From what words? From the vowel of negation 'a' again, and from 'gnostikos'—the word for *knowing.* An agnostic therefore is what?" he demanded, glaring around at their mute faces. "Why!" he said impatiently, as no one answered, "Any schoolboy knows that much! A not-knowing man! A man who does not know! Not a man who denies! Oh, by no means!"—his great hand rose impatiently—"An *atheist* is a man who denies! An *agnostic* is simply a man who does not know!"

"I can't see there's any difference," some one muttered. "They *both* sound like a couple of godless heathen to me!"

"No difference!" Bascom howled. "My dear sir, hold your tongue before you bring down lasting shame upon your progeny! . . . They are as different as night from day, as black from white, as the sneering irreverence of the cynic from the calm, temperate, and judicial spirit of the philosopher! Why!" he declared impressively, "Some of the finest spirits of our times have been agnostics. Yes, sir! Some of the grandest people that ever lived! . . . The *great* Matthew Arnold was an agnostic!" he yelled. "Does that sound as if there was no difference? Not on your life!"

He paused, and as there was no response from his involuntary congregation, he began, after a moment, to fumble at the inside pocket of his coat with his big fingers.

"I have here a poem," he said, taking it out of his pocket, "of my own composition"—here he coughed modestly—"although it may show traces, I admit, of the influence of the great man whose name I have just mentioned, and whom I am proud to call my master: Matthew Arnold. It will, I believe, illustrate my position better than anything I could say to you." He held up his great forefinger to command attention, and then began to read.

"The title of the poem," Uncle Bascom said, "is—'My Creed.'" After a short silence, he began:

> "'Is there a land beyond the stars
> Where we may find eternal day,
> Life after death, peace after wars?
> Is there? I can not say.
>
> Shall we find there a happier life,
> All joy that here we never know,
> Love in all things, an end of strife?
> Perhaps: it may be so.'"

There were seventeen other stanzas which Uncle Bascom read to them deliberately and with telling enunciation, after which he folded the paper and looked about him with a sneer: "I think," he said, "that I have made my meaning clear. Now you know what an agnostic is."

They did. His meaning was so clear that they had no language to oppose to it: they turned, they went away like men who had been stunned. Among them, however, was one who did not yield so easily, a daughter of the Lord who had often won by persuasion and the soft violence of her beaming eye what others failed to win by harsher means. This lady was a widow, a Southern woman in her middle years: her charms were ripe, she had a gentle, loving touch, a soft and fruity unction in her voice. This lady had been able to resist few ministers and few ministers had been able to resist this lady. Now, as the others retreated, the lady advanced: she came forward with a practised sidling movement of her hips and Uncle Bascom, who was standing triumphantly in the midst of a receding host, suddenly found himself confronted by her gentle and importunate face.

"Oh, Mr. Hawke!" she crooned sweetly, with a kind of abdominal rapture in her voice (thus, the way she pronounced his name was—Mis-tah Haw-*uk!*). "I *jus'* know that you must-'ve been a *won*-da-ful preach-ah! I can tell by yo' face that you'ah such a *g-o-o-d* man—" Again she grunted sweetly with this ecstatic abdominal expiration.

"Why, madame! Why—" Uncle Bascom began, decidedly in a confused tone, but taking her abundance in with a sharp appraising eye.

"I was *jus'* thrilled to death all the time that you was tawkin', Mistah Haw-*uk,*" the widow said. "I was a-sittin' theah an' sittin' theah, just a-drinkin' it all in, just a-*baskin'* in the rays of yo' wisdom, Mistah Haw-uk! All the time you was readin' that wonderful poem, I was just a-sayin' to myse'f: What a wondaful thing it is that a man like this has been chosen fo' the Suvvice of the Lawd, what a wondaful thing it is to know that this man is one o' Gawd's Suvvants!"

"Why, madame!" Bascom cried, his gaunt face flushed with pleasure. "Why, madame, I assure you I am deeply grateful . . . deeply honored to think that a lady of your obvious . . . your *undoubted* intelligence . . . should feel that way about me! But, madame!——"

"Oh, Mistah Haw-*uk!*" the widow groaned. "I jus' *love* to heah you *tawk!* I jus' *love* the way you handle langwidge! You heah so much po' shoddy, good-fo'-nothin' tawk nowadays—all full o' slang an' bad grammah an' I don't know whatall: I don't know what fokes ah *comin'* to—it's a real pleasuah—yes, suh! a real sho' nuff *treat*—to heah a man who can express himse'f the way you can. The minute I saw you I said to myse'f: I jus' *know* that that man can *tawk!* I *know* it! I *know* it! I *know* it!" The widow cried, shaking her head from side to side vigorously. "Theah's a man, I said," the widow continued, "theah's a man who kin do anything he likes with me—yes, suh! just anything!—I said that just as soon as you opened yo' mouf to speak!"

"Oh, madame, madame!" cried Bascom fervently, bowing with real dignity. "I thank you. I thank you sincerely and gratefully from the bottom of my heart!"

"Yes, suh! I could just enjoy myse'f—(I said)—just a-lookin' at his haid."

"At my what?" yelled Bascom, jump-

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ing as if he had received an electric shock.

"At yo' *haid*," the widow answered.

"Oh!" howled Bascom. "At my *head!* My *head!*"—and he began to laugh foolishly.

"Yes, suh, Mistah Haw-uk," the widow continued. "I jus' thought you had the *grandest* haid I evah saw. The moment you began to read that poem I said, 'Only a man with a haid like that could a-written that poem. O thank Gawd! (I said) that he has dedicated his wondaful *haid* to the Lawd's Wuk!"

"Why, madame," Bascom cried again. "You have paid me the greatest honor! I cannot sufficiently thank you! But I am afraid—in *justice*, in *fairness*, I must admit," he said with some difficulty, "that you may not have entirely understood—that you are not quite clear—that, perhaps I did not make the meaning, the general purpose of that poem—O! it's my own fault, I know! Beyond a doubt! Beyond a doubt!—but perhaps I did not make its meaning wholly plain!"

"Yes, you did!" the widow protested. "Every word of it was jus' as plain as day to me! I kep' sayin' to myse'f: That's *jus'* the way I've always felt, but I nevah could express myse'f befo': I nevah *met* any one befo' that I could tawk to about it. An' now (I said), this wondaful man comes along an' puts the whole thing straight in my haid! O! (I said) if I could just sit at his feet, an' *listen* all day long, if I could jus' sit an' drink in all he had to say, if I could just *listen* to him tawk—I'd nevah ask fo' anything bettah!"

"Why, madame!" Bascom cried, deeply, genuinely moved. "I assure you I'd like nothing better! Yes, indeed! I assure you I'd be delighted! O, at any time! At any time!" he howled. "It is rare that one meets to-day— O, *most* rare!—a woman of your intelligence and perspicacity! We *must* have another talk!" he said. "Oh, by all means, by all means!"

"Uh-huh!" the widow grunted sweetly.

Bascom looked around craftily to see if my Aunt Louise was anywhere within sight or hearing. "Perhaps," he said, smacking his lips together, "we might meet and have a quiet walk together. Nothing is more conducive to contemplation than the tranquil peace of nature. There's no question about it."

"Uh-huh," the widow said.

"To-morrow," Bascom whispered.

"Uh-huh," the widow crooned viscerally.

Thus, there began between Uncle Bascom and the widow a series of promenades, in which he expounded his views liberally, and in which she was able, by the harmonious adjustment of her nature, to find herself in complete agreement. Again and again, my Aunt Louise watched them depart, she peered after them through her bright mad eyes, snuffling with angry laughter, and muttering, as she had muttered many times before: "The old *fool!* . . . The *misable* old *skinflint!* . . . Too poor to buy his own wife a *dwess* . . . while he spends *faw*-chuns, *faw*-chuns on them! . . . It's in the blood . . . the blood!" she whispered hoarsely. "They're *mad* . . . *mad!* His family's *ovah-sexed*, all of them!"

One evening, as Bascom and the widow were returning from one of these walks, they found themselves toward sunset a mile or so from town. It was a desolate spot: their road wound on through fringes of scrub pine and stunted palm along the edges of the inlet: the tide was out, the water lay in shallow puddles across the bed of viscous mud, a few birds wheeled with creaking eery cries above this loneliness of earth and water, and there was the smell of shelled waste, sea-scum—the potent, magical, and exultant smell of the sea in harbors. The air and the sky were sweet with incomparable clarity, with an immense delicacy of light, and the sun, which now burned like a vast orange-colored ball, without violence or heat, was resting against the lonely and desolate space of the western horizon. The widow and Bascom paused for a moment to watch this scene, and then she said triumphantly: "Now, Mistah Haw-uk, you know that *Somebody* must've *done* all that. You know it jus' didn't go an' happen by itse'f. You know, when you see a beautiful sunset like that that nobody but Gawd himse'f could've made it. Now, you know you do, Mistah Haw-uk!"

"The question of its beauty," said my uncle precisely, "is debatable. The philosopher Hegel, for example, so far from seeing beauty in a sunset, remarked that it looked to him as if the sky had small-pox!" Here Bascom closed his eyes, and snuffled with laughter.

"Oh, Mistah Haw-uk!" the widow said reproachfully. "I know *you* don't feel that way about it. A man with a *haid* like yoah's could nevah believe a thing like that!"

"Oh!" Bascom shouted, immensely tickled for some reason. "By no means! By no means!" And he stamped violently at the earth, blind with his strange forced snarl of laughter.

For a moment they were silent: a vast and exuberant elation, an exultant vitality, was alive in Uncle Bascom. He looked at the shallow waters, he looked at the setting sun, he looked at the widow, and when he tried to speak, exultant mirth possessed him, and he could not.

"Shall we?—" he began at length inquiringly, but here a whimsy of humor seized him, he stopped short, contorted his face, stamped at the earth ecstatically, and snuffled down his nose —"shall we go in *wa-ding?*" There was a deliberate, a luscious nasality in his precise enunciation of the last word.

"Oh, Mistah Haw-uk! Why-y!" the widow exclaimed fruitily. "Wading! For what?"

"For . . . oysters!" said Uncle Bascom lusciously and gently.

"For . . . *oysters!*" the widow cried. "But I didn't know there were any oysters!"

Bascom pondered this statement for a moment, and the more he considered it, the funnier it became to him. He bit his rubbery lip, closed his eyes, and began to snuffle down his nose with laughter. "O yes!" he howled. "O *my* yes! There are always . . . oysters! There are plenty of . . . oysters!"

So the widow, without much more than a half-hearted and decorous protest, and a cautious glance around to make sure that pine and palm gave shelter to no watchers, sat down beside my uncle and took off her shoes and stockings. Then, hand in hand, they advanced across the shallows and through water that rarely came above their knees, the widow tentatively, with a balancing movement and little abdominal cries of alarm, Uncle Bascom more boldly, and with confident assurances: "My dear girl!" he said, grasping her hand more tightly. "You are in no danger whatsoever! Oh, not the *slightest!*" he yelled. "You are as safe as you

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would be in your mother's arms. Yes, sir! You may rest assured on that score! There's no question of it!"

The widow held her skirts kilted up and knotted in one hand, midway along her milky thighs, while Uncle Bascom had rolled his trousers high above his bony knees and stringy calves, which now advanced through the shallow water with a storky and tentative step. At length, about the middle of the stream, they reached a bar of hard-packed sand, and here they stood for a while looking at the setting sun, pacing along their little beach, so absorbed in their contemplation of coming dark, of solitude, and of themselves that neither noticed that the tide was coming in.

And yet the tide came in. It came steadily, urgently, imperceptibly, feathering against the fringes of the inlet, advancing, retreating, advancing, retreating, but advancing always past its last retreat until suddenly Bascom felt the shock of water at his toes: he looked down and saw that their ledge of earth and safety was shrinking almost visibly below his glance: he yelled, first from alarm, and then for help: he shouted, but no one came; he seized the buxom widow and, by staggering effort lifted her, he tottered with her into the water. At the first step the water reached his knees, at the second, halfway up his shanks, at the third, he yelled, and dropped his cargo. She screamed, as a swirl of water caught her at the waist: she clutched him, she clung to him, she screamed, and suddenly Bascom began to curse. He shook a knotted fist at the imperturbable evening skies, he blasphemed against a deity in which he had no faith, and when a false step plunged him to his chin in water, he howled retraction of his blasphemy and begged for providential help. Neither could swim; perhaps neither was in the greatest danger, but both were terrified and shocked, the water wet their ears before they reached the shore, and when at length they tottered up on dry land again, the widow had reached the end and limit of her effort: for several moments she lay panting hoarsely, half out of water and half in, a battered half-emergent Phryne. As for Bascom, he stood on palsied limbs and with a chattering jaw for several moments: his long arms, his bony hands, his stooped shoulders, his stringy legs all bent in a common, constant drip—he was absolutely speechless, and stood there for some time chattering with fright, and dripping water. At length, the widow raised a portion of her charms, bedraggled but made undeniable by water, and moaned hoarsely, "Oh, Mistah Haw-uk! Mistah Haw-uk! Come an' git me, Mistah Haw-uk!"

At this moment Uncle Bascom's features were seized by a horrible convulsion, he opened his mouth to speak, but no words came, he raised two trembling fists toward heaven, but no words came. He tried to curse, but no words came. At length he mastered himself sufficiently to speak and, as if finding his own artillery too feeble for the occasion, he uttered slowly, with passionate conviction, the supplication already mentioned: "O that J. T. were here—that he might aid me with his *scathing* invective!"

So ended romance between Uncle Bascom and the widow.

That year I was twenty, it had been my first year in New England, and the winter had seemed very long. In the man-swarm I felt alone and lost, a desolate atom in the streets of life. That year I went to see my uncle many times.

Sometimes I would find him in his dusty little cubicle, bent over the intricacy of a legal form, painfully and carefully, with compressed lips, filling in the blank spaces with his stiff angular and laborious hand. He would speak quietly, without looking up, as I came in: "Hello, my boy. Sit down, won't you? I'll be with you in a moment." And for a time the silence would be broken only by the heavy rumble of Brill's voice outside, by the minute scratching of my uncle's pen, and by the immense and murmurous sound of time, which rose above the city, which caught up in the upper air all of the city's million noises, and yet which seemed remote, essential, imperturbable and ever-lasting—fixed and unchanging, no matter what men lived or died.

Again, I would find him staring straight before him, with his great hands folded in a bony arch, his powerful gaunt face composed in a rapt tranquillity of thought. At these times he seemed to have escaped from every particular and degrading thing in life—from the excess of absurd and eccentric speech and gesture, from all demeaning parsimonies, from niggling irascibilities, from everything that contorted his face and spirit away from its calmness and unity of thought. His face at such a time might well have been the mask of Thought, the visage of contemplation. Sometimes he would not speak for several minutes, his mind seemed to brood upon the lip and edge of time, to be remote from every dusty moment of the earth.

One day I went there and found him thus; after a few moments he lowered his great hands and, without turning toward me, sat for some time in an attitude of quiet relaxation. At length he said:

"What is man that thou art mindful of him?"

It was one of the first days of spring: the spring had come late, with a magical northern suddenness. It seemed to have burst out of the earth overnight, the air was lyrical and sang with it.

Spring came that year like a triumph and like a prophecy—it sang and shifted like a moth of light before me, but I was sure that it would bring me a glory and fulfilment I had never known.

My hunger and thirst had been immense: I was caught up for the first time in the midst of the Faustian web—there was no food that could feed me, no drink that could quench my thirst—like an insatiate and maddened animal I roamed the streets, trying to draw up mercy from the cobblestones, solace and wisdom from a million sights and faces, or prowled through endless shelves of high-piled books tortured by everything I could not see and could not know, and growing blind, weary, and desperate from what I read and saw. I wanted to know all, have all, be all—to be one and many, to have the whole riddle of this vast and swarming earth as legible, as tangible in my hand as a coin of minted gold.

Suddenly spring came, and I felt at once exultant certainty and joy. Outside my uncle's dirty window I could see the edge of Faneuil Hall, and hear the swarming and abundant activity of the markets. The deep roar of the markets came to us across the singing and lyrical air, and I drank into my lungs a thousand proud, potent, and mysterious odors which came to me like the breath of certainty, like the proof of

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magic, and like the revelation that all confusion had been banished—the world that I longed for won, the word that I sought for spoken, the hunger that devoured me fed and ended. And the markets, swarming with richness, joy, and abundance, thronged below me like a living evidence of fulfilment. For it seemed to me that nowhere more than here was the passionate enigma of New England felt: New England, with its harsh and stony soil, and its tragic and lonely beauty; its desolate rocky coasts and its swarming fisheries, the white, piled, frozen harshness of its winters with the magnificent jewelry of stars, the dark firwoods, and the warm little white houses at which it is impossible to look without thinking of groaning bins, hung bacon, hard cider, succulent bastings and love's warm, white, and opulent flesh.

There was the rustle of gingham by day and sober glances; then, under low eaves and starlight, the stir of the satiny thighs in feather beds, the white small bite and tigerish clasp of secret women —always the buried heart, the sunken passion, the frozen heat. And then, after the long, unendurably hard-locked harshness of the frozen winter, the coming of spring as now, like a lyrical cry, like a flicker of rain across a window glass, like the sudden and delicate noises of a spinet—the coming of spring and ecstasy, and overnight the thrum of wings, the burst of the tender buds, the ripple and dance of the roughened water, the light of flowers, the sudden, fleeting, almost captured, and exultant spring.

And here, within eighty yards of the dusty little room where my uncle Bascom had his desk, there was living evidence that this intuition was not false: the secret people, it was evident, did not subsist alone on codfish and a jug full of baked beans—they ate meat, and large chunks of it, for all day long, within the market district, the drivers of big wagons were standing to their chins in meat, boys dragged great baskets of raw meat along the pavements, red-faced butchers, aproned with gouts of blood, and wearing the battered straw hats that butchers wear, toiled through the streets below great loads of loin or haunch or rib and in chill shops with sawdust floors the beeves were hung in frozen regimental rows.

Right and left, around the central market, the old buildings stretched down to the harbor and the smell of ships: this was built-on land, in old days ships were anchored where these cobbles were, but the warehouses were also old—they had the musty, mellow, blackened air and smell of the Seventies, they looked like the Victorian prints, they reeked of ancient ledgers, of "counting houses," of proud monied merchants, and the soft-spoked rumble of victorias.

By day, this district was one snarled web of chaos: a *gewirr* of deep-bodied trucks, powerful dappled horses, cursing drivers, of loading, unloading, and shipping, of dispatch and order, of the million complicated weavings of life and business.

But if one came here at evening, after the work of the day was done, if one came here at evening on one of those delicate and sudden days of spring that New England knows, if one came here as many a lonely youth had come here in the past, some boy from the inland immensity of America, some homesick lad from the South, from the marvellous hills of Old Catawba, he might be pierced again by the bitter ecstasy of youth, the ecstasy that tears him apart with a cry that has no tongue, the ecstasy that is proud, lonely, and exultant, that is fierce with joy and blind with glory, but that yet carries in it a knowledge that is born in such a moment that the intangible cannot be touched, the ungraspable cannot be grasped—the imperial and magnificent minute is gone forever which, with all its promises, its million intuitions, he wishes to clothe with the living substance of beauty. He wishes to flesh the moment with the thighs and breast and belly of a wonderful mistress, he wishes to be great and glorious and triumphant, to distill the ether of this ecstasy in a liquor, and to drink strong joy forever; and at the heart of all this is the bitter knowledge of death—death of the moment, death of the day, death of one more infrequent spring.

Perhaps the thing that really makes New England wonderful is this sense of joy, this intuition of brooding and magic fulfilment that hovers like a delicate presence in the air of one of these days. Perhaps the answer is simple: perhaps it is only that this soft and sudden spring, with its darts and flicks of evanescent joy, its sprite-like presence that is only half-believed, its sound that is the sound of something lost and elfin, and half-dreamed, half-heard, seems wonderful after the grim frozen tenacity of the winter, the beautiful and terrible desolation, the assault of the frost and ice on living flesh which resists it finally as it would resist the cruel battering of a brute antagonist, so that the tart, stingy speech, the tight gestures, the withdrawn and suspicious air, the thin lips, red pointed noses and hard prying eyes of these people are really the actions of people who, having to defend themselves harshly against nature, harshly defend themselves against all the world.

At any rate, the thing the boy feels who comes here at the day's end is not completion, weariness, and sterility, but a sense of swelling ecstasy, a note of brooding fulfilment. The air will have in it the wonderful odors of the market and the smell of the sea: as he walks over the bare cobbled pavement under the corrugated tin awnings of the warehouses and produce stores a hundred smells of the rich fecundity of the earth will assail him: the clean sharp pungency of thin crated wood and the citric nostalgia of oranges, lemons and grapefruit, the stench of a decayed cabbage and the mashed pulp of a rotten orange. There will be also the warm coarse limey smell of chickens, the strong coddy smell of cold fish and oysters; and the crisp moist cleanliness of the garden smells—of great lettuces, cabbages, new potatoes, with their delicate skins loamy with sweet earth, the wonderful sweet crispness of crated celery; and then the melons—the ripe golden melons bedded in fragrant straw —and all the warm infusions of the tropics: the bananas, the pineapples and the alligator pears.

The delicate and subtle air of spring touches all these odors with a new and delicious vitality; it draws the tar out of the pavements also, and it draws slowly, subtly, from ancient warehouses, the compacted perfumes of eighty years: the sweet thin piney scents of packing boxes, the glutinous composts of half a century, that have thickly stained old warehouse plankings, the smells of twine, tar, turpentine and hemp, and of thick molasses, ginseng, pungent vines

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and roots and old piled sacking; the clean ground strength of fresh coffee, brown, sultry, pungent, and exultantly fresh and clean; the smell of oats, baled hay and bran, of crated eggs and cheese and butter; and particularly the smell of meat, of frozen beeves, slick porks and veals, of brains and livers and kidneys, of haunch, paunch and jowl; of meat that is raw and of meat that is cooked, for upstairs in that richly dingy block of buildings there is a room where the butchers, side by side with the bakers, the bankers, the brokers and the Harvard boys, devour thick steaks of the best and tenderest meat, smoking hot breads, and big jacketed potatoes.

And then there is always the sea. In dingy blocks, memoried with time and money, the buildings stretch down to the docks, and there is always the feeling that the sea was here, that this is built-on earth. A single truck will rattle over the deserted stones, and then there is the street that runs along the harbor, the dingy little clothing shops and eating places, the powerful strings of freight cars, agape and empty, odorous with their warm fatigued planking, and the smells of flanges and axles that have rolled great distances.

And finally, by the edges of the water, there are great piers and storehouses, calm and potent with their finished work: they lie there, immense, starkly ugly, yet touched with the powerful beauty of enormous works and movements; they are what they are, they have been built without a flourish for the work they do, their great sides rise in level cliffs of brick, they are pierced with tracks and can engulf great trains; and now that the day is done they breathe with the vitality of a tired but living creature. A single footfall will make remote and lonely echoes in their brooding depths, there will be the expiring clatter of a single truck, the sound of a worker's voice as he says "Good-night," and then the potent and magical silence.

And then there is the sea—the sea, beautiful and mysterious as it is only when it meets the earth in harbors, the sea that bears in swell and glut of tides the odorous savor of the earth, the sea that swings and slaps against encrusted piles, the sea that is braided with long ropes of scummy weed, the sea that brings the mast and marly scent of shelled decay. There is the sea, and there are the great ships—the freighters, the fishing schooners, the clean white one-night boats that make the New York run, now also potent and silent, a glitter of bright lights, of gleaming brasses, of opulent saloons—a token of joy and splendor in dark waters, a hint of love and the velvet belly upon dark tides—and the sight of all these things, the fusion of all these odors by the sprite of May is freighted with unspeakable memories, with unutterable intuitions for the youth: he does not know what he could utter, but glory, love, power, wealth, flight and movement and the sight of new earth in the morning, and the living corporeal fulfilment of all his ecstasy is in his wish and his conviction.

Certainly, these things can be found in New England, but perhaps the person who finds this buried joy the most is this lonely visitor—and particularly the boy from the South, for in the heart of the Southerner alone, perhaps, is this true and secret knowledge of the North: it is there in his dreams and his childhood premonition, it is there like the dark Helen, and no matter what he sees to cheat it, he will always believe in it, he will always return to it. Certainly, this was true of the gnarled and miserly old man who now sat not far from all this glory in his dingy State Street office, for my uncle Bascom Hawke, although the stranger on seeing him might have said, "There goes the very image of a hard-bitten old Down-Easter," had come, as lonely and wretched a youth as ever lived, from the earth of Old Catawba, he had known and felt these things and, in spite of his frequent bitter attacks on the people, the climate, the life, New England was the place to which he had returned to live, and for which he felt the most affection.

—"What is man that thou art *mindful* of him?"—he said again, this time with that tell-tale pedantry of emphasis which foretold a seizure of his mouthing eccentricity. "What is *man* that thou art *mindful* of him?" he repeated with yet more emphasis. The word is *mindful, mindful, mindful!*—he made the word whine like the rasp of a saw. "M-I-N-D-F-U-L! (Phuh! phuh! phuh! phuh, phuh!)"

And again, his visage of calm and powerful thought was twisted by the disfiguring grimace, the inept and reasonless laughter. In a moment more, his face grew calm again, magnificently composed above his arched, gnarled hands; he spoke with eloquent deliberation. He became triumphant reasoning mind: he talked with superb and balanced judgment. And as the strange and lonely spirit of thought transformed his face, all the tumult and madness of his life was forgotten: no question of money or of self was involved.

"Beyond a doubt! Beyond a doubt!" he said deliberately. "The quality of the best writing in the books of the Old and New Testaments may take rank with the best writing that was ever done, but the amount of great writing is less than it is commonly supposed to be. There are passages—nay! *books!*"—his voice rising strangely to a husky howl—"of the vilest rubbish."

He paused a moment; then, in a remote voice—in the remote and passionate voice that had had such power to thrill men when it uttered poetry—he continued: "I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last—the triumphant music of one of the mightiest of earth's poets, the sublime utterance of a man for whom God had opened the mysteries of heaven and hell, one of the mightiest lines, my dear boy, the most magnificent poetry that was ever written." And suddenly Bascom threw his gaunt hands before his face, and wept in strong, hoarse sobs: "Oh, my God! My God!—The beauty, the pity of it all! . . . You must excuse me," he whispered huskily after a moment, drawing his frayed and faded sleeve across his eyes. "You must excuse me. . . . It brought back . . . memories."

In spite of this ridiculous exhibition, and the absurd quality of these final words, there was something terrible and revolting about it, too: I was only twenty, and I shrank back for a moment and felt ashamed. In a moment more, however, Uncle Bascom was completely at his ease again: he acted as if nothing unusual had happened, and as if he had completely forgotten his outburst of a moment before.

After a pause, without looking at me, he said quietly, but with an unmistakable note of bitterness in his voice: "Have you seen any of my . . . children, recently?"

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The question surprised me, because he rarely asked about them: most of the time he seemed to have forgotten their existence, to be wholly indifferent to them. I told him that I had seen one of his daughters the week before.

"My children—*basely* and *damnably, basely* and *damnably,* have deserted me!" he said with bitter passion. Then, quietly, indifferently, as if stating the fact more truthfully and temperately, he said: "I never see any of them any more. They never come to my house and I never go to theirs. I do not care. No, sir, I do not care. It makes no difference to me. O, not the slightest! None whatever!" and he dismissed it with his big-boned hand. In a moment he added: "Their *mother* visits them, I believe. . . . Their *mother* goes, of course, whenever she gets invited."—Here again, the note of bitterness and scorn was evident, as if he held his wife guilty of some treachery in visiting her own children; but indifference and contempt were also in his voice—he spoke of his wife and children as if they were all strangers to him, as if their lives touched only remotely the edges of the buried world—the world in which he lived and moved, in which his soul wrought out its fated destiny.

And this was true: like all of his family he had passed through a dozen lives in living his own, he was done with his children and done with his wife, he had forgotten them, he was indifferent to them, he did not need them. But they, two daughters and two sons, the youngest of whom was over thirty, the oldest more than forty, were neither able to forget him nor forgive him. He lived in their bitter memory; like men who are searching the causes for some fatal catastrophic flaw which has broken the back of a mighty bridge they went back through the painful annals of their childhood, the years of frustration and bitterness they had lived beneath his roof, the years they could not forget, escape, or deny. His shadow fell across them: they never saw him, and they always talked of him, aping his speech, his gesture, and his manner, mocking him with limber tongues, but living in his life again and secretly feeling the old fear, the old awe, because his life alone had done what it had wished to do—warped and twisted though it may have been, it had held the rails, it had kept its way, it had seen new lands. For them, it sometimes seemed, the years were passing like a bitter water on the wheel of life: the wheel turned and they got older.

And now, as if he, too, had seen them as he spoke of them, he said: "They can all look after themselves. Every one must look after himself—say!" he paused suddenly, tapping his great finger on my knee, with the enquiring and combative glitter of his eye. "Does any one *help* you to die? Does any one go down into the grave with you? Can you *do* anything for any one? No!" he said decisively, and in a moment he added, slowly and deliberately: "Is not my help in *me?*"

Then, ruminant and lost, he stared across the archway of his hands. In a moment, with what was only an apparent irrelevance, with what was really a part of the coherent past, a light plucked from dark adyts of the brain, he said: "Who knoweth the spirit of man that goeth upward, and the spirit of the beast that goeth downward to the earth?"

He was silent and thoughtful for a moment; then he added sadly: "I am an old man. I have lived a long time. I have seen so many things. Sometimes everything seems so long ago."

Then his eye went back into the wilderness, the lost earth, the buried men.

Presently he said, "I hope you will come out on Sunday. O, by all means! By all means! I believe your aunt is expecting you. Yes, sir, I believe she said something to that effect. Or perhaps she intends to pay a visit to one of her children. I do not know, I have not the *remotest*—not the *faintest* idea of what she proposes to do," he howled. "Of course," he said impatiently and scornfully, "I never have any notion what she has in mind. No, sir, I really could not tell you. I no longer pay any attention to what she says—O! not the slightest!" he waved his great hand through the air— *"Say!"* stiffly and harshly he tapped my knee, grinning at me with the combative glitter of his ptotic eye—*"Say!* did you ever find *one* of them with whom it was possible to carry on a coherent conversation? Did you ever find one of them who would respond to the processes of reason and ordered thought? My dear boy!" he cried, "You cannot talk to them. I assure you you cannot talk to them. You might as well whistle into the wind or spit into the waters of the Nile for all the good it will do you. In his youth man will bare the riches of his spirit to them, will exhaust the rich accumulations of his genius—his wisdom, his learning, his philosophy—in an effort to make them worthy of his companionship—and in the end, what does he *always* find? Why," said Uncle Bascom bitterly, "that he has spent his powers in talking to an imbecile"—and he snarled vengefully through his nose. In a moment more, he contorted his face, and nasally whined in a grotesque and mincing parody of a woman's voice, "O, I feel *so* sick! O, deary *me,* now! I think my *time* is coming on again! O, you don't *love* me any mo-o-ore! O, I *wish* I was dead! O, I can't get *up* to-day! O, I wish you'd bring me something *nice* from *ta-own!* O, if you loved me you'd buy me a *new* hat! O, I've got nothing to *we-e-ar!"* here his voice had an added snarl of bitterness—"I'm ashamed to go out on the street with all the other wim-men!"

Then he paused broodingly for a moment more, wheeled abruptly and tapped me on the knee again: "The proper study of mankind is—say!" he said with a horrible fixed grimace and in a kind of cunning whisper—"Does the poet say—*woman?* I want to ask you: *does* he, now? Not on your life!" yelled Uncle Bascom. "The word is *man, man, man!* Nothing else but *man!"*

Again he was silent: then, with an accent of heavy sarcasm, he went on: "Your aunt likes music. You may have observed your aunt is fond of music——"

It was, in fact, the solace of her life: on a tiny gramophone which one of her daughters had given her, she played constantly the records of the great composers, particularly of Wagner, lost in the enchanted forests of the music, her spirit wandering drunkenly down vast murky aisles of sound, through which the great hoarse throats of horns were baying faintly. And occasionally, on Sundays, on one of her infrequent excursions into the world, when her daughters bought her tickets for concerts at Symphony Hall—that great gray room lined on its sides with pallid plaster shells of Greece—she would sit

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perched high, a sparrow held by the hypnotic serpent's eye of music—following each motif, hearing minutely each subtle entry of the mellow flutes, the horns, the spinal ecstasy of violins—until her lonely and desolate life was spun out of her into aerial fabrics of bright sound.

"—Your aunt is fond of music," Bascom said deliberately. "Perhaps you may have thought—perhaps it seemed to you that she discovered it—perhaps you thought it was your aunt's own patent and invention—but there you would be wrong! O yes! my boy!" he howled remotely. "You may have thought so, but you would be wrong— Say!" he turned slowly with a malevolent glint of interrogation, a controlled ironic power—"was the Fifth Symphony written by a woman? Was the object of your aunt's worship, Richard Wagner, a *female?*" he snarled. "By no means! Where are their great works—their mighty symphonies, their great paintings, their epic poetry? Was it in a woman's skull that the Critique of Pure Reason was conceived? Is the gigantic work upon the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel the product of a woman's genius?—Say! Did you ever hear of a lady by the name of William Shakespeare? Was it a female of that name who wrote *King Lear?* Are you familiar with the works of a nice young lady named John Milton? Or Fräulein Goethe, a sweet German girl?" he sneered. "Perhaps you have been edified by the writ-ings of Mademoiselle Voltaire or Miss Jonathan Swift? Phuh! Phuh! Phuh! Phuh! Phuh!"

He paused, stared deliberately across his hands, and in a moment repeated, slowly and distinctly: "The woman gave me of the tree and I did eat. Ah! that's it! There, my boy, you have it! There, in a nut-shell, you have the work for which they are best fitted." And he turned upon me suddenly with a blaze of passion, his voice husky and tremulous from the stress of his emotion. "The tempter! The Bringer of Forbidden Fruit! The devil's ambassador! Since the beginning of time that has been their office—to madden the brain, to turn man's spirit from its highest purposes, to corrupt, to seduce, and to destroy! To creep and crawl, to intrude into the lonely places of man's heart and brain, to wind herself into the core of his most secret life as a worm eats its way into a healthy fruit—to do all this with the guile of a serpent, the cunning of a fox—that, my boy, is what she's here for!—and she'll never change!" And, lowering his voice to an ominous and foreboding whisper, he said mysteriously, "Beware! Beware! Do not be deceived!"

In a moment more he had resumed his tone and manner of calm deliberation and, with an air of irrelevance, somewhat grudgingly, as if throwing a bone to a dog, he said, "Your aunt, of course, was a woman of considerable mentality—considerable, that is, for a female. Of course, her mind is no longer what it used to be. I never talk to her any more," he said indifferently. "I do not listen to her. I think she said something to me about your coming out on Sunday! But I do not know. No, sir, I could not tell you what her plans are. I have my own interests, and I suppose she has hers. Of course, she has her music. . . . Yes, sir, she always has her music," he said indifferently and contemptuously, and, staring across the apex of his hands, he forgot her.

Yet, he had been young, and full of pain and madness. For a space he had known all the torments any lover ever knew. So much my aunt had told me, and so much he had not troubled to deny. For bending toward me swiftly, fiercely, and abruptly in the full rich progress of a meal, her eyes ablaze with a mad and earnest light, she had suddenly muttered this ominous warning: "Take care, Dave! Take care, boy! You're one of them! Don't brood! Don't brood! You mustn't be mawbid," she whispered hoarsely, fixing the mad glitter of her bright old eyes even more intensely on me. "You're like all the rest of them—it's in the blood!" she muttered, hoarsely and fatally.

"Ah, what are you talk-ing about?" Bascom snarled in a tone of the profoundest contempt. "Scotch! English! Finest people on the face of the earth—no question about it!"

"Fugitive ideation! fugitive ideation!" she chattered like a monkey over a nut. "Mind goes off in all diwections—can't keep attention focused on anything foh five minutes! The modern decadents! Wead Nordau's book, Dave—you'll see, you'll see! You'ah all alike," she muttered. "You'ah ovah-sexed—all of you!"

"Ah," he snarled again, "You talk like a fool! Some more of your psychology, I suppose," he said with a heavy sneer. "The black magic of little minds."

He knew nothing about it, of course; occasionally he still read Kant, and he could be as deep in absolutes, categories, moments of negation, and definitions of a concept, as she with all of her complicated and extensive paraphernalia of phobias, complexes, fixations, and repressions.

Then, bending toward me once again, as if she had not heard him, she whispered: "Oh, yes! he's indifferent enough to me now—but there was a time, there was a time, I tell you!—when he was mad about me! The old fool!" she cackled suddenly and bitterly with a seeming irrelevance. Then bending forward suddenly with a resumption of her former brooding intensity she whispered: "Yes! he was mad, mad, mad! Oh, he can't deny it!" she cried. "He couldn't keep his eyes off me for a minute! He went cwazy if any other man so much as looked at me!"

"Quite true, my dear! Quite true!" my uncle said without a trace of anger or denial in his voice, with one of his sudden and astonishing changes to a mood of tender and tranquil agreement. "Oh, yes," he said again, staring reminiscently across the apex of his great folded hands. "It is all quite true—every word as she has spoken it—quite true, quite true. I had forgotten but it's all quite true." And he shook his gaunt head gently from side to side, turning his closed eyes downward, and snuffling gently, blindly, tenderly, with laughter, with a passive and indifferent memory.

For a year or two after his marriage he had been maddened by a black insanity of jealousy. It descended on his spirit like a choking and pestilence-laden cloud, it entered his veins with blackened tongues of poison, it crept along the conduits of his blood, sweltered venomously in his heart, it soaked into the convolutions of his brain until his brain was fanged with hatred, soaked in poison, stricken, maddened, and unhinged. His gaunt figure wasted until he became the picture of

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skeletonized emaciation, jealousy and fear ate like a vulture at his entrails, all of the vital energy, the power and intensity of his life, was fed into this poisonous and consuming fire and then, when it had almost wrecked his health, ruined his career, and destroyed his reason, it left him as suddenly as it came: his life reverted to its ancient and imbedded core of egotism, he grew weary of his wife, he thought of her indifferently, he forgot her.

And she, poor soul, was like a rabbit trapped before the fierce yellow eye, the hypnotic stare of a crouching tiger. She did not know whether he would spring, strike forth his paw to maul her, or walk off indifferently. She was dazed and stricken before the violence of his first passion, the unreasoning madness of his jealousy, and in the years that followed she was bewildered, resentful, and finally embittered by the abrupt indifference which succeeded it—an indifference so great that at times he seemed to forget her very existence for days at a time, to live with her in a little house as if he were scarcely conscious of her presence, stumping about the place in an intensity of self-absorption while he cursed and muttered to himself, banged open furnace doors, chopped up whatever combinations of raw foods his fantastic imagination might contrive, and answering her impatiently and contemptuously when she spoke to him: "What did you *say-y?* Oh, what are you talk-ing about?"—and he would stump away again, absorbed mysteriously with his own affairs. And sometimes, if he was the victim of conspiracy in the universe—if God had forsaken him and man had tricked and cheated him, he would roll upon the floor, hammer his heels against the wall, and howl his curses at oblivious heaven.

Louise, meanwhile, her children having left her, played Wagner on the gramophone, kept her small house tidy, and learned to carry on involved and animated conversations with herself, or even with her pots and pans, for when she scrubbed and cleaned them, she would talk to them: if she dropped one, she would scold it, pick it from the floor, spank it across the bottom, saying: "No, you don't! Naughty, you bad thing, you!" And often, while he stumped through the house, these solitary conversations were interspersed by fits of laughter: she would bend double over her pots snuffling with soft laughter which was faintly broken at its climax, a long high "Who-o-op." Then she would shake her head pityingly, and be off again, but at what she was laughing she could not have said.

Suddenly one night, however, she interrupted one of Bascom's stamping and howling tirades by putting on her tiny gramophone *The Ride of the Valkyries,* as recorded by the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra. Bascom, after the first paralysis of his surprise had passed, rushed furiously toward the offending instrument that was providing such melodious but mighty competition. Then Bascom halted; for suddenly he noticed that Louise was standing beside the instrument, that she was snuffling through her nose with laughter, and that from time to time she looked craftily toward him, and broke into a high piercing cackle. Bascom also noticed that she held a large carving knife in her hand. With a loud yell he turned and fled toward his room, where he locked the door, crying out strongly in an agony of terror: "O momma! Momma! Save me!"

All this had amused Louise enormously. She played the record over time after time, forever snuffling with laughter and the high cackle: "Who-oo-oo!" She bent double with it.

The next morning after Bascom had gone furtively away to his office, Louise looked at her image in a mirror. She looked for a long time, and she said: "I wonder if I am going mad."

Her face at fifty was bloodless, birdlike, her bright eyes badly paunched and rimmed with red; her hair was dead white—all her delicate features were minutely carved with a fabric of tiny wrinkles. So she said: "I wonder if I'm going mad," and took up the study of psychology.

She read all the works of William James, and those of Professor William McDougall as often as they appeared. She subscribed to several magazines, and wrote a book herself. She called it "The Surgery of Psychic Analysis": the publishers rejected it.

"I'm a good hundred years ahead of my time," she said to one of her daughters.

Thus, Louise found the life of reason. She had found a curative for all disease: she became convinced very shortly that she was one of the very few perfectly balanced people in the world and, of course, that Bascom was utterly mad.

But sometimes, even now, the old resentment and bewilderment would return—she would remember the time of his passionate absorption in her, even the black insanity of his jealousy, with bitterness and regret.

What she had said was true. For two years after their marriage, before she had her first child, he had been like a man beset by furies. For the first time in his life his enormous egotism had been pulled away from its centre: he went outside of himself, he became acutely sensitive to the world around him. Because of the fury of possession which raged in him, because the thing he possessed must be the best and dearest thing on earth, it suddenly seemed that men were united against him in an effort to take it from him. Louise was pretty and attractive: wherever she went men looked at her, and when Bascom noticed this, it almost drove him mad.

At this time he had his first church in a town in Illinois: sometimes in the middle of a sermon he would see her face below him and his own would grow livid; he would pause suddenly and lean forward gripping the edges of his lectern like a man stricken and foolish—he would recover himself and go on brokenly and indifferently, but his spirit would twist like a tortured animal, his entrails would get numb and sick, his heart seemed frozen in a ring of poison, and a thousand horrible and foolish doubts would torment him. There was no excess of fantastic possibility, no absurdity of suspicion that he did not know: his mind swarmed with poisonous fabrications, which in a second were translated into reality: he was unable to distinguish between cold fact and his delirious fancy—the moment he imagined anything he believed it to be true.

And what was the reason for this madness? He did not know, and yet he knew that he was mad. He could sit in a chair and watch the madness soak into his brain and crawl along his flesh as a man might watch the progress of a poison in his blood. It was a madness

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that his mind contested, that his reason knew was false, and yet it conquered him. It drove him brain-sick, heart-sick, cursing through the streets at night, it drove him stamping through the streets clutching his great hands together at the waist, and if he heard a burst of laughter in the dark, if he heard voices and the pronouns "he" and "she" he was sure the words had reference to his wife and him or to a rival, and he would turn and curse the people who had spoken. The interest of the earth and of the town he thought was fastened on his own life and his wife's: the earth was full of malevolent voices, evil whisperings—he saw himself at times as trapped, duped, tricked and mocked at by all men; he greeted his parishioners with a sick heart and a livid smile, and he searched their eyes, their faces, for a sly lurking humor, an evil and secret glee, or for some evidence that they knew the nature of his hurt, the ugly dishonor in his brain and heart, the foul color of his secret.

And it was not, it could no longer be, he felt, a secret; he felt as naked as an infant, he thought the reason for his grief was legible in every word and action, and when he went out in the streets, sometimes his spirit cowered in a dreadful kind of shame—he felt like shielding his face from sight. Shame pressed upon him from the skies, he could not escape it—and when it was not shame of his own dishonor, it was shame because he feared that he was being mocked and jeered at as a fool and cuckold by the world.

Great shapes of fear and cruelty were evoked out of immense and timeless skies, they hovered above him wherever he went, they darkened the wintry lights of desolate little towns like smears of blood: it seemed to him that there would never again be joy and confidence on earth, that the shapes of death and madness would walk in his brain forever and, having lost his faith in God, he now sought desperately for some faith in man: he dreamed of finding some earthly father, some man superior to himself in strength, wisdom, and age to whom he could confess the burden of his packed and overladen heart, from whom he might derive some wisdom, some medicine for the plague that was consuming him.

But he never found him, in his heart he knew that such a physician and confessor did not exist: he was caught in a trap, he could not confess the evil weight that lay upon his soul, he took the last full measure of man's loneliness. He could not add to his own dishonor by bringing dishonor on his wife, and always there was a censor in his brain, a core of sanity that in the darkest and evilest hours yet judged fairly, and told him he was mad.

Then it left him. When it seemed that life was no longer tolerable it left him. It guttered out as a fierce flame gutters out of the fuel it has fed upon, and it left him full of weariness, indifference, and a sense of completion: he turned from the hurt, bewildered woman into the orbit of his own remote and secret life, he went on into new lives, new places and projects, and he forgot her.

And now, as I looked at the old man, I had a sense of union with the past. It seemed to me if he would only speak, the living past, the voices of lost men, the pain, the pride, the madness and despair, the million scenes and faces of the buried life—all that an old man ever knew—would be revealed to me, would be delivered to me like a priceless treasure, as an inheritance which old men owed to young, and which should be the end and effort of all living. My savage hunger was a kind of memory: I thought if he could speak, it would be fed.

And for a moment, it seemed, I saw the visages of time, dark time, the million lock-bolts shot back in man's memory, the faces of the lost Americans, and all the million casual moments of their lives, with Bascom blazing at them from a dozen pulpits, Bascom, tortured by love and madness, walking the streets of the nation, stumping the rutted roads, muttering through darkness with clasped bony hands, a gaunt and twisted figure reeling below immense and cruel skies across the continent. Light fell upon his face and darkness crossed it:—he came up from the wilderness, from derbied men and bustled women, from all of the memories of lavish brown, and from time, dark time—from a time that was further off than Saxon thanes, all of the knights, the spearheads, and the horses.

Was all this lost?

"It was so long ago," the old man said.

Bitterly, bitterly Boston one time more: the flying leaf, the broken cloud. Was no love crying in the wilderness?

"—So long ago. I have lived so long. I have seen so much. I could tell you so many things," my uncle said huskily, with weariness and indifference. His eye was lustreless and dead, he looked for a moment tired and old.

All at once, a strange and perplexing vision, which was to return many times in the years that followed, came to me. It was this: there were a company of old men and women at dinner, seated together around a table. All of them were very old, older than my uncle; the faces of the old men and women were fragile and delicate like old yellowed china, their faces were frail and sexless, they had begun to look alike. In their youth all these people had known one another. The men had drunk, fought, whored, hated one another, and loved the women. Some had been devoured by the sterile and corrupt fear and envy that young men know. In secret their lips were twisted, their faces livid, and their hearts bitter; their eyes glittered with a reptilian hatred of another man—they dreaded his success, and they exulted in his failure, laughing with a delirious joy when they heard or read of his hurt, defeat or humiliation. They had been afraid to speak or confess what was in their hearts, they feared the mockery of their fellows; with one another their words were careful, picked, and disparaging. They gave the lie to passion and belief and they said what they knew was false. And yet along dark roads at night they had shouted out into the howling winds their great goat cries of joy, exultancy and power; they had smelled snow in thick brooding air at night, and they had watched it come, softly spitting at the window glass, numbing the footfalls of the earth with its soft silent fall, filling their hearts with a dark proud ecstasy, touching their entrails with impending prophecy. Each had a thousand dark desires and fantasies; each wanted wealth, power, fame and love; each saw himself as great, good and talented; each feared and hated rivals in business or in love—and in crowds they glared at one another with hard hostile eyes, they bristled up like crested cocks, they

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watched their women jealously, felt looks and glances through their shoulder blades, and hated men with white spermatic necks, amorous hair, and faces proud and insolent with female conquest.

They had been young and full of pain and combat, and now all this was dead in them: they smiled mildly, feebly, gently, they spoke in thin voices, and they looked at one another with eyes dead to desire, hostility, and passion.

As for the old women, they sat there on their yellowed and bony haunches. They were all beyond the bitter pain and ecstasy of youth—its frenzy, its hope, its sinew of bright blood and agony: they were beyond the pain and fear of anything save age and death. Here was a faithful wife, a fruitful mother; here was an adulterous and voluptuous woman, the potent mistress of a dozen men, here was her cuckold husband, who had screamed like a tortured animal when he had found her first in bed with another man, and here was the man he found her with; here was another man in whom the knowledge of his wife's infidelity had aroused only a corrupt inverted joy, he exulted in it, he urged her on into new love affairs, he besought her greedily to taunt him with it, he fed upon his pain—and now they were all old and meagre and had the look of yellowed china. They turned their mild sunken faces toward one another with looks in which there was neither hate nor love nor desire nor passion, they laughed thinly, and their memory was all of little things.

They no longer wanted to excel or to be first; they were no longer mad and jealous; they no longer hated rivals; they no longer wanted fame; they no longer cared for work or grew drunk on hope; they no longer turned into the dark and struck their bloody knuckles at the wall; they no longer writhed with shame upon their beds, cursed at the memory of defeat and desolation, or ripped the sheets between convulsive fingers. Could they not speak? Had they forgotten?

Why could not the old men speak? They had known pain, death and madness, yet all their words were stale and rusty. They had known the wilderness, the savage land, the blood of the murdered men ran down into the earth that gave no answer; and they had seen it, they had shed it. Where were the passion, pain and pride, the million living moments of their lives? Was all this lost? Were they all tongueless? It seemed to me that there was something sly and evil in their glances as they sat together, as if they hoarded some cunning and malevolent wisdom in their brains, as if the medicine to all our grief and error was in them, but as if through the evil and conspirate communication of their glance, they had resolved to keep it from us. Or were they simply devoured with satiety, with weariness and indifference? Did they refuse to speak because they could not speak, because even memory had gone lifeless in them?

Yes. Words echoed in their throat but they were tongueless. For them the past was dead: they poured into our hands a handful of dry dust and ashes.

The dry bones, the bitter dust? The living wilderness, the silent waste? The barren land?

Have no lips trembled in the wilderness? No eyes sought seaward from the rock's sharp edge for men returning home? Has no pulse beat more hot with love or hate upon the river's edge? Or where the old wheel and the rusted stock lie stogged in desert sand: by the horsehead a woman's skull. No love?

No lonely footfalls in a million streets, no heart that beat its best and bloodiest cry out against the steel and stone, no aching brain, caught in its iron ring, groping among the laybrinthine canyons? Naught in that immense and lonely land but incessant growth and ripeness and pollution, the emptiness of forests and deserts, the unhearted, harsh and metal jangle of a million tongues, crying the belly-cry for bread, or the great cat's snarl for meat and honey? All, then, all? Birth and the twenty thousand days of snarl and jangle—and no love, no love? Was no love crying in the wilderness?

It was not true. The lovers lay below the lilac bush; the laurel leaves were trembling in the wood.

Suddenly it seemed to me, that if I could put my hand upon my uncle, if I could grip my fingers in his stringy arm, my strength and youth would go into him, and I could rekindle memory like a living flame in him, I could animate for an hour his ancient heart with the exultancy, the power, the joy that pulsed in me; I could make the old man speak.

I wanted to speak to him as people never speak to one another, I wanted to say and hear the things one never says and hears. I wanted to know what his own youth beyond its grim weather of poverty, loneliness, and desperation had been like. He had been over ten years old when the war had ended, he had seen the men plod home in wreaths of dust and heard their casual voices in a room, he had breathed the air of vanished summers, he had seen cloud shadows floating on the massed green of the wilderness, the twisting of a last lone leaf upon a bough; and he had heard the desolate and stricken voices in the South long, long ago, the quiet and casual voices of lost men, a million vanished footsteps in the streets of life. And he had known the years of brown, dark lavish brown, the lost and hypocritic years, the thunder of the wheels and hooves upon the cobbles, the color of bright blood—the savagery, the hunger and the fear.

Was the memory of all this lost?

I touched him—I put my hand upon his shoulder, he did not move. Sunken in what lost world, buried in what incommunicable and tongueless past, he said—"So long ago."

Then I got up and left him and went out into the streets where the singing and lyrical air, the man-swarm passing in its million-footed weft, the glorious women and the girls compacted in a single music of belly and breasts and thighs, the sea, the earth, the proud, potent, clamorous city, all of the voices of time fused to a unity that was like a song, a token and a cry. Victoriously, I trod the neck of doubt as if it were a serpent: I was joined to the earth, a part of it, and I possessed it; I would be wasted and consumed, filled and renewed eternally; I would feel unceasingly alternate tides of life and dark oblivion; I would be emptied without weariness, replenished forever with strong joy. I had a tongue for agony, a food for hunger, a door for exile and a surfeit for insatiate desire: exultant certainty welled up in me, I thought I could possess it all, and I cried: "Yes! It will be mine!"

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